

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Holly. Flint. King. Wood. Captain Warren. Vincent. Wheeler. Homans. Bergen.

THE PRINCETON TEAM.



Hinkey. Wallis. Noyes. Crosby, Jr. Captain McClung. L. T. Bliss. Sutphen, Jr. Stillman. McCormick. Heffelfinger. Barbour. Dyer.

THE YALE TEAM.

THE YALE-PRINCETON FOOT-BALL GAME ON THANKSGIVING DAY—THE RIVAL TEAMS.—FROM PHOTOS BY HEMMEN.—[SEE PAGE 275.]

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
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LIEUTENANT TOTTEN'S second article on the coming crisis, giving "The Reason Why I Know It Will Come Aside from Religion," will appear in FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY for the week ending December 12th. These articles are attracting wide attention, and those which are to come will deepen popular interest in the subject of which they treat.

REGISTRATION OF PARLIAMENTARY VOTERS IN ENGLAND.

THE agents of both political parties in the constituencies throughout England have just completed their work for the year in connection with the registration of Parliamentary voters, and both Liberals and Conservatives are claiming large gains on the registers as a result of their work. Among the active political workers in the constituencies, great attention is always given to registration; but this year both parties have excelled their previous efforts, well knowing that we are to have a general election next year, and that success or non-success at the polls in many constituencies largely depends upon the state of the register.

Our electoral system has been undergoing reform ever since the beginning of the century. At least three great efforts have been made to deal with it. The first was in 1832, the next in 1868, and the last in 1884. The most drastic reform was that of 1832, when rotten boroughs were abolished and the electoral franchise bestowed upon middle-class householders. By the reform act of 1868 the franchise was conferred upon all householders in the boroughs and cities, and upon persons in the rural districts who occupied dwellings rated to the relief of the poor at not less than sixty dollars per annum. The reform of 1884 closed the epoch, so far as the franchise itself was concerned, by giving people living in the country districts the same electoral privileges as those living in the towns, and conferring the franchise on all male householders. But, notwithstanding these three measures of reform, and the long intervals which have elapsed between each, our electoral system is far from perfect; and our system of registering voters is still expensive, cumbersome, and unsatisfactory, and in its working is characterized by anomalies and the exercise of much red-tapism. Our registration courts are in session each year during September and October, but an American visiting England, who attempted to follow their proceedings as recorded in the newspapers, or who attended a sitting of one of the courts, would be very much at sea, and in nine cases out of ten would give up the task with the idea that our system of registration is as hopeless to understand as a Chinese puzzle. It is full of intricacies and snares, and even to many English people it sometimes seems that it is the intention of the law not to put as many electors on the register as possible, but to keep as many off as possible.

To understand our registration law it is necessary to have in mind the basis on which our franchise system is constructed. Ours is by no means a manhood-suffrage franchise, although in practice the poorest householder may have a vote if he will trouble to see that his name is on the register. A man's right to a vote depends upon his occupancy of a house or rooms in respect of which the poor's rates have been paid. Lodgers have a right to a vote provided they can prove that they have continuously occupied, for twelve months, rooms which, if let unfurnished, would bring fifty dollars per annum. The maintenance of the poor in England is in the hands of what are known as Boards of Guardians. The country is divided into poor-law union districts; for each district a Board of Guardians is elected by the rate-payers, and the board in its turn is responsible not only to the rate-payers who elect it, but to the Local Government Board in London, which has the oversight of these poor-law matters and all other matters in any way connected with the local government of our cities and rural districts. A man is assessed to the relief of the poor, and for all other local government purposes in England, not, as in America, on the value of the property he possesses, but on the rental value of the dwelling-house or business premises he occupies. He is not called upon to make any annual statement of his property, nor is it left to him to assess the rental value of the house he occupies even when he is the owner as well as the occupier of the house. The assessment is made by surveyors called in by the Overseers of the Poor. These overseers are also elected by the rate-payers in town's meeting assembled, and stand between the rate-payers and the Board of Guardians in the matter of levying rates. The assessment made by the Overseers of the Poor is taken as the basis for all local taxation or rating, and on the assessed rental value of his house or business premises a man pays his share not only to the cost of relieving the poor in his union, but also to the cost of maintaining the school board, lighting and improving the streets, and of maintaining the fire brigade and the police force. We do not, however, in England speak of these local charges as

taxes. With us they are called rates, in contradistinction to the payments into the imperial exchequer, which are always spoken of as taxes.

As I have shown, our franchise is based upon a rating qualification. It is the duty of the officials who receive the poor's rate to see that a man who pays it has his name duly placed upon the register of voters. If a man fails to pay his poor's rate, or he himself receives any relief from the rates paid by his neighbors, he forfeits his right to a vote and to have his name upon the register. The only other cause of forfeiture of the right to the franchise is a conviction of felony.

The compiling and revising of the electoral rolls is a long and expensive business, not only for the Overseers of the Poor, whose outlay, of course, is defrayed out of the local public funds, but also for the political organizations, whose members have an interest in a full and correct register of the electors in the constituency in which the organization is concerned. Two principal lists are prepared. The first is compiled in August by the overseers, and comprises, or is supposed to comprise, the names of all persons who have paid their rates up to the end of the local government year. The overseers prepare these lists from the rate-books, and as soon as they are completed copies are printed and are displayed for a certain number of days at the offices of the overseers, on the outside doors of all churches and chapels, at the Town Hall, at the offices of the clerk to the poor-law guardians, at the police headquarters, at the political clubs, and in other recognized public places. Every householder and every man who thinks he is entitled to a vote is at liberty to examine these lists. If he finds his name and address are duly entered, and he is otherwise properly described, the matter gives him no further trouble, unless he is served with a written notice from one of the political parties that they intend to object to his being on the register, and furnish him with the grounds for that objection. In that case the elector knows that he will have to put in an appearance at the Revising Barrister's Court to make good his claim to a place on the register. If he finds that his name is not on the preliminary list he goes to the office of the overseers and fills up a printed form claiming a vote, and his name is then published in a new list known as the "claims list." This list, together with the list of persons who have been objected to by political agents on either side, is also hung out on the church doors, and remains there, like the overseers' list, for a certain number of days. By this means of publication it is open to every one to see who is on the preliminary list, who has been objected to, and who is claiming a vote and the qualification in respect of which it is claimed. At the end of the period fixed for the publication of the lists the work of officially revising them is commenced. It is undertaken by a revising barrister—that is, by a lawyer supposed to be learned in electoral law, who is appointed by the Lord Chancellor to revise the lists in a certain district, and in which for that purpose he holds a court like a judge. For London no fewer than twelve of these revising barristers are appointed, each receiving a sum of \$1,250 dollars for his two months' work.

Before the revising barristers open their courts the registration agents of both political parties have put in a considerable amount of preliminary hard work, and with the opening of the court the battle over the registers begins in downright earnest. It is fought at very close range, and is frequently characterized by much bitterness of feeling, especially in constituencies which are evenly divided, and in which the sitting member of the House of Commons holds the seat by only a small majority. The registration agents and their assistants are supposed to be paid out of the local political funds, but as a rule they are paid by the sitting member and the man on the other side in national politics who intends to oppose him at the next Parliamentary election. They are permanent officials, and the payment of them and the maintenance of their office and staff of assistants costs Members of Parliament and candidates who are before the constituencies all the way up from \$1,500 to \$5,000 per annum.

Registration as it is now conducted is expensive work; but the sitting members and the opposition candidates know that it is almost hopeless to go before a constituency unless the closest attention has been given to the work of registration. All through the year the agents of the political parties employ themselves in keeping a watch on the removals of all householders known to be on their side, and in seeing that these householders do not lose their places on the preliminary registers as a consequence of changing their abodes. As soon as these preliminary registers are out, the registration agent on each side—Liberal and Conservative—goes over every name on the register. If he finds there the name of a man whom he knows will vote the ticket of the opposite party, and he has reasons for doubting his qualification, he promptly lodges an objection against him and gives him notice that his right to vote is in dispute. If, on the other hand, he fails to find the name of a man on the register whom he is almost certain will vote with his party, and he thinks that he has the slightest claim to a vote, he forthwith sends in a claim and begins to collect evidence in support of the case he is to make good in the Revising Barrister's Court.

When the court opens, the man who has been objected to, or in whose behalf a claim has been made, appears before the barrister to show that the objection is without foundation, or to prove his claim. In some respects he is in a position not unlike that of a litigant in an ordinary law-suit. In the case of a man who has been objected to by the Liberals, the Tory agent will act as counsel or lawyer for what may be called the defense, while the Liberal agent will endeavor by evidence and argument to make out the case against his vote, and bring about the striking off of his name from the electors' roll. If the Liberals succeed, the man's name is struck off, but if they fail and the man makes good his claim, the court allows him a certain sum of money as an attendance fee, and any reasonable expenses to which he may have been put in defending his claim. The awarding of these fees and expenses is the only check on the lodging of trivial objections; but notwithstanding these allowances a large number of trivial objections are put forward by the agents of both political parties. Some of these are almost absurd; others are based upon hair-splitting interpretations of the law, which are equally absurd as reasons against a man's claim to the right to vote at an election of a member of the House of Commons, and to fulfill other duties in keeping with the character of a good

citizen. Most of these quibbles arise in connection with the question as to the length of the qualifying occupation and as to the interpretation of that part of the reform act of 1867 which provides that the receipt of poor-law relief shall disqualify a man from voting.

The length to which hair-splitting is carried over these questions arising out of the receipt of poor-law relief is amazing. New phases of this question crop up each year at the revision courts. One phase of it that struck me most during the session of the courts just ended was a case in which a policeman in Anglesea was struck off the register and thereby deprived of all share in electing a member of the House of Commons, a member of the county council, or a member of the local school board, for the sole reason that the poor-law guardians had paid the hire of a cab in which the policeman's wife had been conveyed from his home to the county asylum. The care of lunatics in England is mainly in the hands of the poor-law guardians, who in all cases where it is possible recover the cost of their maintenance from the patients' relatives. In the case in question the policeman had regularly paid to the full for his wife's maintenance; but an officer of the poor-law guardians had conveyed the unfortunate woman to the asylum, and as it had not occurred to the policeman to repay the dollar and a half thus expended in cab hire (an oversight which is easily accounted for), he lost his vote and was thus deprived for a year of the more important rights attaching to citizenship. I ought to explain that this objection was put forward by an over-zealous political registration agent, whose partisanship apparently knew no bounds and rendered him unable to understand another man's distress, or to realize what it meant to the unfortunate policeman to have this skeleton in his cupboard given an airing and made public property merely because he had sought to possess himself of the right to vote. Many hard cases cropped up at the recent revision courts all over the country. I could quote half a dozen which would show the extreme lengths to which petitfogging objections are pushed by over-zealous and, in some cases, unscrupulous registration agents on both sides; but the one from Anglesea which I have given will serve to show the working of our electoral laws and the anomalies and hardships which still attend it.

Most of the trouble in the Revising Barrister's Court arises out of the lodger claims. There is no end to the hair-splitting and squabbling which take place before the revising barristers over these claims, much of which is positively discreditable to our registration system. Lodgers have to claim their votes every year; they may stay a dozen years in one set of rooms, but each year they have to make a new claim and are liable to be haled before the court to swear and prove that for twelve months ending July they have been sole occupiers of rooms which if let without furniture would command rents of not less than fifty dollars per annum. When a lodger goes before the court for this purpose he is liable to any amount of brow-beating from the agent of the political party against which it has been ascertained he is likely to vote at the election. He may be called upon to tell the court how much he pays for his room, how much for his board and for his boot-blacking and laundry, and to state on oath that for twelve months prior to the compiling of the register by the Overseers of the Poor he has been the sole occupier of the room or rooms in respect of which he has claimed a vote. If he has shared his bed-room with a room-mate, away goes his vote without any further parleying; and the same penalty will befall him if, of age and still living at home with his parents, he has allowed a younger brother to join him in the use of a bedroom. All this will strike my American readers as absurd; but I am giving them the facts as they stand—as they crop out at the revision courts year after year; and I can myself cite a case in which an occupier of two rooms of a rent four times as high as the qualifying rent under the act of 1867 declined to put forward a claim for a vote because he knew that it was in the knowledge of the other side—the side against him in politics—that he had given a home to a brother under age who was learning his profession in London. The younger brother paid no rent; not only so, he was partially supported by the elder brother; but the fact that he shared his rooms with him would have served for the raising of legal quibbles, would have necessitated his calling the mistress of his boarding-house as a witness before the revising barrister to explain his whole domestic arrangements, and also the putting of the younger brother in the witness-box; and even then the quibbles might have been successful and resulted in the rejection of his claim to the franchise. There is so much trouble and disagreeable worry attending the securing of the lodger franchise that not one in ten of the unmarried men who are lodgers and boarders in our large towns are on the voters' register. The majority of our young men who are so placed do not regard it as worth their while to go through the trouble and worry that the securing of a vote involves. Hence they become apathetic as regards politics, and their interest in politics does not increase very much when later on in life they marry, become householders, and in the natural order of things are placed on the registers, not by either political party, but by the Overseers of the Poor, to whom as householders they are compelled to pay their local taxes.

When the revising barrister has gone over the various lists in the way I have described, the lists are reprinted and signed, and thereby become the official register on which all elections occurring between January and December are contested. There is just now a growing dissatisfaction with our registration system as a whole, and a strong movement for reform. Reform is certain to come in the course of a year or two, and when it does it is most likely to take the direction of ruling the political agents out of court, shortening the term of qualifying occupation, simplifying the lodger franchise, and throwing upon some officer elected by the people the duty of seeing that every man who is entitled to a vote has his name duly placed on the register, and has a remedy at law against the registration officer if his name is not there.

David Pratt.

LONDON, ENGLAND, November 2d, 1891.

## THE SILVER POLICY.

**S**ECRETARY FOSTER has written to the American Bankers' Association, recently in convention at New Orleans, a letter which states the case with regard to silver more clearly than any single document that has yet appeared. The discussion of the money question by the bankers themselves, able and in many respects interesting as it was, is not calculated greatly to enlighten public opinion. Their point of view is that of a special interest, not necessarily and not always coincident with the interests of the people in general. It should be said, however, that the average tone at New Orleans was somewhat more tolerant of the white metal than might have been expected at a conference where all of the principal voices were of Wall Street or elsewhere in the North and East.

The Secretary of the Treasury reports to the bankers, as he will soon report to President Harrison and to Congress, the results of more than a year's experience under the law of July 14th, 1890, requiring the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver every month at the market price. Since August of last year, and up to the first of the present month, the Government has bought 66,588,536 ounces fine, costing \$68,626,565, or \$1.03 an ounce on the average. About 28,000,000 silver dollars have been coined; the rest of the Government's purchase remains in the vaults in bars of bullion, constituting under the new law a reserve against the treasury notes of full debt-paying power issued in payment for the silver. While the consequent increase of the country's currency is nearly \$50,000,000 annually, the net addition is only about half of that sum, owing to the steady retirement of national bank notes. Nevertheless, this country has more money per capita in circulation to-day than ever before, and more per capita than any other great nation except France; but not at present or in prospect too much for our needs, in Mr. Foster's opinion.

We now come to two very important points in this semi-official indication and vindication of the Administration's silver policy. The first is distinctly stated by Mr. Foster as evidence of the beneficial effect of the present law; the second point is left to be inferred, but it is as forcible an argument against unlimited coinage of silver as has been advanced.

1. The secretary reminds the country of the recent drain of American gold to Europe, caused by circumstances not within our control, and suddenly withdrawing from our stock not less than \$72,000,000. In all probability this would have produced a serious and dangerous stringency of the money market, leading to no one knows what disturbances of business, had it not been for the protection afforded by the great volume of currency issued during the preceding ten or twelve months in payment for silver purchased. In this light the compulsory purchases, and the enormous accumulation of silver bullion which is making the bowels of the earth beneath the Treasury building in Washington resemble another Comstock lode, appear as a safeguard of prime importance against panic and disaster. The act of July, 1890, had been in operation only a few months when the unexpected occurred, demonstrating its value as a measure of protection to American interests.

2. As to the effect of the law on the price of silver, Secretary Foster's bare statement of facts is a strong argument against free coinage. While the average price paid by the Government has been \$1.03 an ounce, the range under the operation of the law has been from as low as 96 cents to as high as \$1.21. As long as the other conditions of the world's silver market were normal the metal advanced steadily in price. This advance lasted until large amounts of foreign silver began to pour into this country, attracted hither by the state of the market established by the Government's liberal purchases. Then silver began to decline. In other words, making all allowance for fluctuations due to speculative and other causes, the experience of the past year has shown just how far it is safe to go in the direction of free coinage in the absence of an international agreement.

If the benefits of the law could be confined to the home market, or approximately so, the question of free coinage would be simplicity itself. The monthly purchases would steady and enhance the market price of the metal, and bring it quickly to the point when the doors of the mints might be flung open to receive it in any quantity offered. As the matter stands, it is a question of opening the mint doors to the silver of the whole world, and giving to foreign bullion, at the expense of the American product, a value it would not otherwise possess.

The silver issue, therefore, is at bottom as much a question of protection to American interests as the tariff, and under existing conditions the same principle of common sense and sane patriotism is involved in the opposition to free coinage as in the opposition to free trade.

## THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY.

**T**HREE can be no doubt as to the sentiment of New York City concerning the question of giving a new lease of life to the Louisiana Lottery. The public meeting held some days since to protest against the perpetuation of this enormous evil was in every sense representative of the best thought and most important interests of the metropolis, and it spoke with an emphasis not to be mistaken. Ex-Mayor Hewitt, in his vigorous address, referring to the fact that the vote of Louisiana had once decided the Presidency, said very truly that if the machinery of a great State can fall under the control of traders and jobbers, then the Government of the United States, with all its powers and its vast moral and material interests, may at any moment lie at the mercy of the jobber and thief. Another of the speakers characterized the Louisiana Lottery as the greatest single cause of vice, except the saloon, that exists in the country. General George D. Johnson, of the anti-Louisiana Lottery League, in his forcible statement of the perils of the situation, said that if the lottery should succeed in getting control of the State the company will be in a position to decide what its laws shall be, to levy its taxes, to control its finances, and, what is more, to decide what shall be the character of its schools. By way of illustrating the immense power of this lottery, he said that its schemes of monthly and semi-monthly drawings aggregated the enormous sum of \$20,000,000 per annum, while the aggregate of its daily drawings amounts to \$20,000,000 additional.

The question thus brought to public attention concerns the

people of every State in the Union. The lottery is wholly evil, and its influence is national. It debauches the public morals; it promotes public dishonesty, and it exerts a pernicious influence over the law-making power. Statistics show that ninety-seven per cent. of the receipts of this company come from other States than Louisiana. Right-thinking citizens of all the States, therefore, should assert in some emphatic way their hostility to the scheme of renewal, and so help to make up a volume of opposition which even the Louisiana Legislature will be compelled to respect.

## THE OHIO SENATORSHIP.

**T**HE Republican newspapers and politicians of Ohio are already discussing the question of the succession to Senator Sherman, and there are indications that the contest will be marked by unusual intensity, if not by unfortunate rancor, of feeling. Some of the partisans of ex-Governor Foraker are vigorously claiming a majority of the Republican caucus on joint ballot, but in doing so they apparently count as supporters of Foraker some members who were elected distinctively as friends of Mr. Sherman. It seems to be certain that Mr. Sherman's candidacy greatly strengthened the Republican Legislative ticket, especially in the close counties in the northwestern part of the State, where many Democrats who admire Mr. Sherman's ability and integrity, and desired him to retain the place he has so long occupied, gave their support to candidates who were known to be pledged in his favor. It is quite possible that if he had been entirely out of the canvass the Republican majority in the Legislature would have been reduced to a minimum.

It is to be hoped that it is not true, as is alleged in some quarters, that some members of the next Legislature, who have given written engagements to their constituents to support Mr. Sherman, are at heart friends of Foraker and mean to give him their votes. Such a course as this would be so utterly contemptible and dishonorable that it could not fail to cover those engaged in it with confusion and disgrace.

While the selection of Mr. Sherman's successor is primarily a matter for the people of Ohio, it really concerns the whole country. His services in the Senate have been of such a useful character, his ability is so unquestioned, and his experience has so largely equipped him for the highest exploits in statesmanship that his retirement would be a real public misfortune. The two commanding questions of the near future in our national politics will be the questions of tariff and finance. These questions affect every important interest of the people, and their settlement will demand the highest sagacity and wisdom. Ohio has elected Major McKinley as Governor because he represents better than any other man of his time the protective idea—the principle of the development of our home resources and the elevation of our domestic industries. It would be remarkable indeed if after having done this it should refuse to return to the Senate the man who has done more than any other to establish a sound fiscal policy, to preserve the public credit, and to protect the people against the incalculable evils of a depreciated currency and dishonest finance.

It is no doubt true that ex-Governor Foraker deserves well at the hands of his party. He represents fairly and fully the aspirations and the purposes of the younger and more aggressive Republican element. He is unquestionably a man of high ability, but in point of public service and of equipment for the Senatorial post his most cordial admirers will scarcely insist that he approaches the distinguished senior Senator from Ohio.

The great central commonwealth, an empire in itself, which has contributed so much of brawn and brain to the public service in the past, and which in its history and its growth represents the noblest triumphs of the spirit of liberty and progress, should by all means return to the Senate the man who in the field of finance has attained a prominence enjoyed by few others of his generation, and who in the sphere of general legislation during the crucial period of our history has not only proved himself capable and trustworthy, but has kept his reputation unspotted from the world.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE calamity howler will find little satisfaction in the contemplation of the wonderful crop statistics of North Dakota. It is stated officially that that State will receive for this year's grain crop the enormous total of \$40,000,000, which is equal to \$214 in cash for every man, woman, and child in the State. This enormous cash total will be well distributed, since practically everybody in that State is more or less directly connected with agriculture. It is not to be wondered at, in view of these astonishing figures, indicative of widespread prosperity, that the so-called people's party failed to make any marked impression upon public sentiment by its recent campaign of "calamity and ruin."

THE announcement that an agreement has been reached by the United States and Great Britain to submit the Behring Sea case to arbitration has been received with almost universal satisfaction. The method of arbitration is yet to be decided upon, but the points to be submitted, which are practically those named by Secretary Blaine, have been agreed upon, and there seems to be no reason to doubt that a satisfactory result will be attained. Confidence is expressed in some quarters that the rights of the two governments in Behring Sea will be exactly defined and settled before the opening of the next sealing season, and that, therefore, all apprehension of further trouble as to this vexatious question may be dismissed.

THE struggle for the Speakership of the House of Representatives is fairly on. So far the two Northern candidates, Mr. Springer of Illinois and Mr. Bynum of Indiana, do not seem to have developed any considerable strength, and the indications are that a Southern man will be chosen. Whether the prize will fall to Mills of Texas, McMillan of Tennessee, or Crisp of Georgia, cannot as yet be conjectured. It is said that Judge Crisp has the support of the New York Democrats who are in sympathy with Governor Hill, while Mr. Mills is in favor with the Cleveland leaders. It is somewhat significant that the New York *Sun* is making a vigorous warfare on the Texas aspirant. It charges

him with having announced his platform to be: first, absolute free trade; second, the imposition of a tax on incomes and the wealthy men of the country. The *Sun* is not accustomed to speak unadvisedly, and the statement here made has produced a very considerable impression. It is quite certain that Mr. Mills is committed to an aggressive policy on the tariff question, and that his selection as Speaker would place the House under control of the radical free-trade element of his party.

A RECENT statement, which seems to be based upon official returns, places the total foreign population of the treaty ports of China at 8,107, of whom 1,153 were Americans. This includes not only official representatives of other governments resident there, but all persons engaged in trade. Such a petty handful counts for very little in a total native population of 5,639,500 in the treaty ports of the empire. When we remember that as many as 5,000 immigrants are sometimes dumped on our shores in a single day without provoking any serious commotion, it is a little difficult to understand why the Chinese should every now and then get up a auction because of the presence of some 8,000 foreigners in twenty-one of their cities.

THE British Premier, Lord Salisbury, appears to be in the dumps. In his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet the other evening he candidly confessed that free trade seemed to be losing its ground. So far as industrial welfare is concerned, having as a weapon protective legislation, he feared that Great Britain would occupy for a time a peculiar, isolated position. He said: "The one colony we are able to cite as a free-trader—New South Wales—no longer wears an unspotted robe. We shall have the advantage, therefore, before long, of being the *Athanasius contra mundum* of free trade." His lordship did not seem to be altogether pleased with the result of the recent elections in America, which he truly stated showed that the slight reaction against protection had lost its force. It is gratifying to know that our British friends are at last getting their eyes open to the truth concerning the economic policy of this country.

THE Republicans of Indiana are already preparing for the Presidential campaign of next year. Their work will be for the present largely educational. Arrangements are making for the diffusion of literature and the enlightenment of the public mind as to the dominant issues of the time, and especially as to the results of the tariff and reciprocity measures which are the distinctive fruits of Republican legislation. If the Republicans of every State in the Union would emulate this example and proceed to thorough organization of the party strength, supplementing it by an educational canvass, there would be no possible room for doubt as to the outcome of the next national contest. A mere fraction of the money ordinarily spent in the spectacular displays of our political campaigns properly applied to educational work from year to year would make Democratic success impossible in any Northern State.

THE Republican press very generally concurs in the view expressed by FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY concerning the cause of the recent defeat in this State. It is almost universally insisted that the canvass was conducted from a wrong standpoint. Some of our contemporaries go even further and criticize very sharply the leadership in the struggle. The Philadelphia *Press*, which expresses the average sentiment of the Republicans outside of the State, indulges in these comments:

"Tammany seems to have been practically beaten in New York City. The fight against the 'tiger' defeated him in his lair. It was a mistake to carry that issue into the State. Something was due to Harrison and Blaine. They were ignored. This was another parleying with conscience. If a party is not loyal to its accepted and selected chiefs, who have shown themselves worthy of loyalty, how can they expect public approbation? An army likes its banner aloft, and not trailed. The banner trailed in New York was that of Harrison and Blaine."

SO THIS is what is the matter with Representative Mills of Texas. He does not read the newspapers. He informed an interviewer in Washington the other day that "he had not read a paper in so long that he was absolutely dark on every topic." This statement accounts for the lamentable ignorance which he displayed in the discussion of public affairs during his recent speaking campaign in Ohio and other Western States. We had supposed that his insistence that the country is going to perdition in a business sense was a bit of mendacity, but it now appears that it was due entirely to the poor man's ignorance. The fact that he is preparing another tariff bill, which embodies all his ultra free-trade theories, and proposes to present it at the coming session of Congress, notwithstanding the country has given its decisive approval to the protective idea, is to be attributed, of course, to the same cause. No man in his senses, and ordinarily well informed as to the movement of events, would persist in such egregious folly.

THE advantages of the reciprocal commercial relations established between this country and Brazil are already being realized. The trade statistics for five months of the period which has elapsed since the reciprocity treaty went into effect on April 1st show that our exports to Brazil have increased in the sum of \$1,169,592, while there was at the same time a very large increase in the exports of Brazil to the United States. Our manufacturers are the first to feel the effects of the new policy. Thus, a Pittsburgh manufacturing firm has received an order for structural iron for buildings connected with railways in Brazil, the people there having discovered that, notwithstanding the length of time consumed in the transit of the manufactured products and the heavy freight thereon, it is to their interest to come to this country for their building materials rather than to make their purchases, as heretofore, in Great Britain. The order given in this case is undoubtedly prophetic of others which are to follow. The development of the resources of South America is but fairly begun, and with the demand for enlarged means of communication and consequent growth of population and general business, it cannot be otherwise than that the market for American products will be largely and continuously increased.

## MISS MATTIE MITCHELL.

**M**ISS MATTIE MITCHELL, the beautiful daughter of Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, whose engagement to Duke François de la Rochefoucauld has recently been announced, is one of the few much-talked-of society beauties whose charms merit their fame. Her bellehship is acknowledged from the banks of the Nile to "where flows the Oregon." She is now in the exquisite full-bloom of womanhood. Her figure, just a shade below medium height, is perfectly proportioned and softly rounded. Her head is matchless in poise and coloring. Her hair is a soft, bright bronze, always worn in the same fashion, twisted on the crown, and in loose little rings across her forehead. Her face is a perfect oval, with the curves of a child; her eyes, under delicately penciled brows and sweeping dark lashes, are dark, full, and expressive, and her cheeks are like damask roses, while her mouth is the full-lipped "Cupid's bow." She dresses with simple elegance in faultlessly fitting gowns of gray and black combined, brown, or quiet, dark shades for the street, and usually in white in the evening, and rarely is she without a bunch of violets, which, with roses, are her favorite flowers. She was a member of the dancing class while she was in Washington, and at one of its evenings wore a gown which, by its simplicity and becomingness, received universal admiration. It was a simple round waist and straight skirt of white *mousseline de soie*, the low bodice, short puffed sleeves, and edge of the skirt of which were bordered with violets, and a narrow belt of violet velvet outlined the waist and fell in loops down the back.

She made her *début* in Washington about six years ago, has lived abroad a great deal since then, where she was a great favorite, particularly in Paris, and last winter and the winter before she spent in Washington.

Her accomplishments are numerous. She is a fine linguist, speaking French, Italian, and German fluently, and for that as much as for her beauty was always a great favorite in the diplomatic circle. Indeed, at one time it was rumored that the British Minister, Sackville West, was going to lead her to the altar—a rumor which arose, however, solely from her intimacy with his daughters. She is a good musician, has read widely in the different languages, rides horseback a little, dances "divinely," the men declare, and above all, has the tact and aplomb of a society woman of twice her years. Owing to Mrs. Mitchell's delicate health she not only discharged the many social duties that are imposed on a Senatorial household, but looked after the domestic machinery, and herself did the marketing. Senator Mitchell's dinners are famous from epicurean and decorative standpoints, and to his charming daughter belongs the credit.

She met the Duke de la Rochefoucauld in Paris about six years ago, and it was a case of love at first sight. There were obstacles in the way of their marriage which have at last been cleared away, and the engagement, which comes as a surprise to many, is a natural consummation of their hopes to her friends.

The prospective bridegroom comes of an old and distinguished French family, noble in deed as well as in name. Its original seat was the town of La Rochefoucauld, near Angouleme, and its history traces back to 1026, when a certain Foucauld, first Seigneur de la Roche, is spoken of in a charter of an abbey of Angouleme as "*vir nobilissimus Fulcaudus*." It has a literary vein also, which manifests itself in the present Duke and is traced back to François Duc de L. and Prince de Marsillac, born in 1613, who was



MISS MATTIE MITCHELL,  
FIANCEE OF DUKE FRANCOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.—PHOTO BY C. M. BELL



A. B. SCHANZ DESCENDING AN ICE-TERRACE OF FOUR THOUSAND FEET IN THE MOUNTAIN RANGE OF THE ALIASKA PENINSULA.

much attached to literary pursuits, and who cultivated the society of the most eminent literary people of his time, Boileau, Racine, and Molière, and who published, besides his *Mémoirs*, the "Reflexions du Sentences et Maximes Morales," which is still widely quoted, and regarded as a model of French prose.

The Duke de la Rochefoucauld is not one of the many impoverished nobles seeking for rehabilitation in an American fortune, but possesses estates and an income in harmony with his rank. Miss Mitchell's very comfortable "dot" will not be a mere drop in the bucket even there. E. A. T.

## OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

MR. A. B. SCHANZ'S STORY CONCLUDED.

VIII.

**F**RIDAY morning, February 27th, at half-past nine o'clock, the well-fed, formidable, provision-encumbered transpeninsular expedition began its work. The whole village of Koggiung had turned out, and dogs by the dozen were led before me by persons who had heard remarkable stories about my promiscuous and comprehensive dog-buying. I had all I wanted, however, and the vigilance of my boys prevented several canine freaks from being tied surreptitiously into the team. Besides, the Tione, Pietr, now announced to me that he would descend to accompany me to Pak Wik, the next village. This courtesy on the part of their chief (whom I had subsidized with two silver dollars) caused the good people to look upon me with great respect, and they cheered lustily when the fleet Ivan Kak Kak gracefully started the teams. Some of the population even fired salutes.

Our course was south over the ice of Bristol Bay to the delta of the Nak Nik River, and thence by a short portage to the village of Pak Wik. The road was well-defined and hard, and we skinned along merrily at the rate of five miles an hour, so that a little after three we reached Pak Wik, an important village which is picturesquely scattered over the steeply-sloping northern bluff of the Nak Nik. As we approached the village it was observed by the inhabitants from afar that the Koggiung Tione himself, in person, was running along with the expected "Amerikans," who must therefore be a person of some importance. Accordingly, we were received at the outskirts of the village by the Pak Wik Tione and the aged and honorable trader, Nicolai. The two chiefs greeted each other in a royal manner, and Nicolai immediately rushed me off to his barabara to introduce me to the twenty-eight members of his family, and to make an eloquent address of welcome, of which I understood only the gesticulations. In short, my reception at this village was the most cordial of my whole Alaskan experience, and I have always attributed the fact to some remarkable impressions as to my identity confided to the Tione Pietr by Clark and Father Shishkin. Everything in the village was offered me most liberally, and my acceptance of a favor seemed to arouse enthusiastic joy. To show my condescending qualities, therefore, I repeatedly patted the chief's cordially on the back, and slept that night in the great Kassigima among the fighting-bucks and the fleas.

(Continued on page 274.)



FREIGHTING SALT IN NEW MEXICO.—DRAWN BY DAN SMITH.

## THANKSGIVING.

**A**H, some give thanks for barns and garrers heaped  
Up to their raftered peaks with ripened grain;  
Wan sufferers from drought give thanks for rain;  
Others—alas!—for passionate pleasures, steeped  
In wine of lotus bloom. Some who have reaped  
Their evil sowing in unbearable pain  
Breathe thanks for one brief moment's peace again;  
The prisoner, for the ray of light that leaped  
Athwart the darkness of his lonely cell,  
Like Hope's pale ghost. Beside her chaste, white bed  
The maiden kneels, her thanks—like beads—to tell.  
The old and poor give thanks for life and bread;  
And the young mother, for the lips now pressed  
To drain sweet strength from her glad, throbbing breast.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

## THE MISSIONARY OF POVERTY GAP.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.



BOUT a score of miners were waiting at Buck Sawyer's saloon, up at Poverty Gap, one cold November night, drinking whisky and playing cards to while away the time. One grizzled old fellow, who appeared to be a sort of leader in the camp, kept his eye on the little clock that hung over the bar, and at last, with an air of impatience, he exclaimed :

"Fellers, it 'pears ter me like as if old Tobe an' ther boys ort ter be back by this time. They've been gone most a hour now."

"Does seem like they've had time ernough to git back," agreed Lish Cresson. "Reckon they shorely ain't havin' no trouble with that blamed chap?"

"Shorely not. I low it ain't in him ter un'ertake ter stan' out ergin us," said Pete Gibson. "Reckon he sartinely knows ernough to take keer of his neck."

"Mebbe he'll think ther boys is jest a-bluffin' him," remarked Limpy Jjm.

"Reckon he won't think so 'bout ther time they begin ter hoss him up ter a limb," said old Mark Buster, as he cast another glance at the clock. "'Pears like, though, that they're a-stayin' a mouty long time. I lowed they wouldn't hev ter do nothin' but jest go down than an' give the feller orders ter git. But here they come."

Within a moment the saloon-door was opened, and three men filed in out of the snow. Old Tobe Harder, being in front, stepped over to the bar and ordered the drinks, which he and his two companions immediately disposed of.

"That's pizen good liquor," Tobe said, drawing his coat-sleeve across his mouth, "an' it gits to ther spot 'bout right after a feller has been out in this raw air."

"You wuz gone a mouty long time," said old Mark. "Reckon yer didn't hev no trouble with ther preacher, did ye?"

"Not much," replied Tobe. "At fust he wuz sorter inclined ter act contrary, an' he 'lowed he wouldn't go; but we persuaded him ter change his notion."

"Did yer talk him inter it?" Lish asked.

"Wal, not intirely. We talked a right smart, an' then we tuck him down in ther gulch an' hung 'im some. I tell yer, fellers, a man may hang out ag'in talk, but blamed if er rope won't fetch 'im round in powerful short order. Hain't many men but what's doggoned skeered of er rope, shore."

"So yer didn't hev ter hang the preacher much, I reckon?"

"No; we jest yanked him clear o' the ground once, an' when we let 'im down an' give 'im time ter git his breath he said he'd go if we'd let 'im; an' I told 'im ter git, then, an' be blamed spry 'bout it, an' he got."

"Stepped off sorter lively, did he?"

"Wal, ruther. We heerd 'im pawin' up the snow an' rocks a mile down ther gulch in less'n no time arter he started. Peared like he wuz jest a-splittin' ther wind."

A roar of laughter followed this remark, participated in by every man in the saloon save "Parson" Joe. Parson Joe was not a parson, by any means, and he could swear or drink whisky equal to any man in the camp, and no one was more ready to engage in a fight. But he sometimes had solemn spells, when he was much given to moralizing and talking Scripture, and for that reason he was known as the Parson.

"Wal," said Mark, when the laughter had ceased, "I reckon we're rid o' that preacher, an' now, if any more of 'em want ter come up yere, ter pitch inter our faults an' failin's, I low we kin be ekel to ther ercation, an' head 'em back to ther settlements in blamed short order."

"Yer shoutin', we jist kin!" cried Lish. "We ain't got no earthly use fer no preachers in this camp; an', fer my part, I'd jist as lief stretch one or two of 'em as not. What in ther dickens do they want ter come a-botherin' round us fer? This chap makes ther sixth one we've run out o' ther Gap the past year."

"Look yere," said Parson Joe, speaking for the first time; "what in ther dickens has got inter you fellers ter make yer so pizen ag'in them preachers? What harm hev they ever done ye?"

"Dunno as they've done us any harm specially," Mark replied, after a pause; "but what fer do we want 'em comin' up yere ter pitch inter us an' rake us over ther

coals? We may be sorter reckless, but that ain't none o' them preachers' business, shore."

"Wal, atwixt you an' me, Mark," said Parson Joe, "I low Poverty Gap is jest about as tough er minin' camp as ever struck ther range, an' I reckon it's in need o' preachers, if ever any place wuz. My notion is, we'd best let them missionary chaps alone."

"Then yer ag'in runnin' of 'em out, air ye?" Tobe asked.

"I am, p'intedly," Parson replied; "an' I think it's er derned shame ther way you fellers treated that thar feller ter-night. He hadn't done nobody no harm, but jest come up yere to hold meetin's, an' yere you fellers hop onto 'im an' run 'im out o' ther camp. It's er doggoned onery way ter treat er man, fellers—jest shore, it air."

"What's makin' yer so pious all at once, Parson?" interposed old Mark.

The Parson was just in the act of making a reply when some one came to the door and called him out.

"Wonder what's up now?" Tobe remarked, as the door closed after the Parson.

They did not have long to wait to have their curiosity appeased. In a few minutes the door was dashed open, and Parson Joe rushed into the room in a high state of excitement. He was in his shirt-sleeves and bare-headed, and his eyes appeared to be about three times their natural size.

"Here, you fellers!" he cried, "what yer squattin' round yere fer like a lot o' old bumps? Why'n't yer git up an' stir yer stumps, an' act like yer got some sort o' feelin' 'bout yer?"

"Why, what's ther matter of ye, Parson?" Tobe asked, when he got a chance to edge in a word. "What yer tearin' round this way fer?"

"Matter!" cried the Parson. "Why, goshermity, man, hain't yer got no sense? Hain't yer got no git-up an' pride 'bout yer? Hain't yer got no feelin's? Hain't yer civilized? Why don't yer stir out o' yere an' do somethin'? Why, gosh-a-mity!"

Then, without a word of explanation, the Parson snatched up a bottle of brandy and a blanket, and, dashing out, went off down the road in the direction of his cabin at a wild run. For a moment the miners gazed at each other in silent wonder, but at last old Tobe said :

"Wal, I'll be golderned! Say, what in ther dickens has ever come over ther Parson?"

"Dunno," replied old Mark; "but I reckon he must be crazy. S'pose we go down to his cabin an' see what's up?"

Tobe led the way, and every man in the saloon followed, and within a minute they were standing in front of Parson Joe's cabin.

"Stop, fellers," said Tobe, "an' le's listen fer what's goin' on in thar. Must be somethin' up, shorely."

For almost a minute the miners waited, listening intently; but within the cabin all was still as the grave.

"Humph!" muttered old Mark; "that's doggoned quare, ain't it? Shorely ain't nobody in that thar cabin."

"Pears like ther ain't," replied Tobe; "yit I dunno whar Joe could a-gone if he didn't go in thar."

"Wal, I'll soon see if he is thar," said Mark. "Jest wait ere till I look in."

With that Mark advanced to the door, and had just raised his hand to open it, when a sound from within reached his ears which caused him to stop, rooted in his tracks. For an instant he stood there; then, stealing softly back to his companions, he said :

"Fellers, it jest knocked ther breath clean outen me."

"What did?" Tobe asked.

"Why, that thar voice. I heerd a voice a-comin' from the cabin, an' by jings, fellers, it wuz er woman's voice!"

"What!" the miners cried in a breath.

"It wuz er woman's voice, shore. It sounded sorter soft an' sweet like, jest as er woman's voice allus sounds."

"Wal, by gosh!" old Tobe exclaimed. "Yer reckon yer ain't mistaken, Mark?"

"I know I ain't. Yer can't fool me on er woman's voice. I ain't heerd one fer two yeers till now, but yer bet I knows it quick ernough."

"Wal, by jux!"

"Say," said Lish after a short pause, "whar in ther nation could a woman come from, an' what 'ud she be doin' yere, an' who yer reckon she kin be?"

"Yer too tough fer me thar, Lish," Mark replied. "I know a woman is in ther Parson's cabin, but how she git thar, or who she is, I hain't no ijee."

"Say, fellers," said old Tobe, "wonder if we couldn't manage ter git er squint at 'er someway."

"Reckon we could go right in an' see her," replied Mark.

"I dunno 'bout that," replied Tobe. "That moun't be good manners."

"That's er fac'," agreed Mark. "We don't want ter go an' make nō break an' act like we ain't had no raisin'. Say, you fellers jest hold still yere till I call ther Parson out an' see whut he has ter say."

Mark walked up to the door and rapped softly, and after a short wait the Parson came out.

"What in ther nation do you fellers mean?" he cried, seeing the miners ranged about the cabin. "Ain't yer got no manners ner sense? Yer ort ter be ershamed o' yourselves ter come racketin' 'round yere at sich er time. Come in yere, Tobe; an' the rest o' you fellers keep still back out ther."

Tobe stepped into the cabin, and the Parson followed him, closing and bolting the door. Several minutes passed, the miners discussing the situation and waiting for Tobe to return, when all at once a sharp cry rose in the darkness,

smiting upon the hearing of the miners and exciting sensations of pleasure in every heart.

It was the cry of a new-born babe. That was all. Yet it brought to the bosoms of those rough, grizzled miners such tender emotions as they had long been strangers to, and involuntarily they doffed their hats and stood reverently and with uncovered heads before the cabin that contained that little helpless bit of humanity. Not a word was spoken, not a foot stirred, while they stood there waiting in the cold and darkness.

Several minutes passed, and then those who stood nearest the door heard the woman's voice raised in plaintive questioning.

"Oh, where can he be?" she cried.

"Whar kin who be?" the Parson asked, tenderly.

"Ralph, my husband," the woman replied. "He wrote me to meet him here. Do you know anything of him?"

"I dunno," said the Parson. "What's his 'tother name?"

"Benton."

The miners outside gave a start at hearing the name, and old Tobe within came near falling off his seat. The Parson remained calm and unmoved, for the woman's eyes were fastened on him, and he was doctor enough to know that she could not stand any excitement just then.

"Wuz yer man er preacher?" the Parson asked.

"Yes, yes," said the woman. "Do you know anything of him?"

"Why, not ezactly, I don't. He wuz up yere, but he's gone now. Went erway ter-day."

"Can't you find him for me?" the woman asked.

"Why, I dun—," the Parson began, but was stopped by old Tobe, who cried :

"Yessum, we kin find 'im fer ye, an' blamed if we don't do it if we hev ter scour ther mountings from one end to t'other."

"That we will," muttered old Mark outside. "We're er blamed nice set o' old rascals, we air, an' somebody orter kick us all over ther range. Think o' us a runnin' that preacher off when his wife wuz comin' up yere ter him! It wuz er durned onery trick, fellers, jest shore it wuz."

In a moment Tobe emerged from the cabin.

"Here, Pete," he said, "git them hosses o' yourn ready fer goin' to ther post, an' be blamed spry 'bout it. Mark an' me has got to git that missionery feller up yere er bust er tryin'."

"All right, I'll hev 'em ready in no time. But say, is ther woman young an' purty?"

"Bet she is," replied Tobe. "She's as han'some as er pictur'. But git them hosses ready, an' don't stop ter ax questions."

Within five minutes Tobe and Mark were galloping down the gulch at break-neck speed. They were oblivious to cold and danger, and but one thought possessed them, that of getting the "woman's man" to her.

The miners hung about the cabin until Parson Joe came out, and then they immediately surrounded him and began to pelt him with questions.

"Parson," said old Lish, "is it purty?"

"Is what purty?" the Parson asked.

"Why, ther leetle chap in thar."

"Purty? Say, it's ther purtiest leetle thing yer ever see."

"Is it er gal or er boy, Parson?" Pete asked.

"Er gal, fellers."

"By jux!" exclaimed Pete. "Say, fellers, I perpose three cheers fer ther leetle gal an' its ma."

Every miner responded, and the cheers were echoed and re-echoed through the mountains and down in the gorges.

"Parson," said old Lish, "that's no use talkin', we've got ter hev er squint at that thar baby."

"Wal, I reckon yer kin," replied the Parson with an air of authority, "but yer got ter be quiet 'bout it."

The Parson led the way and the miners followed, and slowly and on tip-toe they filed through the room, holding their old slouch hats under their arms, each in turn gazing reverently on the baby and its "ma." Not a word was spoken as the men passed through, and no one would have supposed that those demure men were the terrors of the worst mining camp in the Sierra Nevada range—a gang of reckless roughs who thought nothing of hanging or shooting a fellow-man.

"Dadgum my old skin!" said Lish, when they were again outside the cabin, "but that thar baby is ther purtiest thing I've seen fer many er day, shore."

"Looks powerful soft an' innocent, don't it?" cried Pete. "If it wuz mine, fellers, blamed if I'd take er million dollars fer it."

"Say, boys," spoke Limpy, "I tetchet it."

"Yer did?" exclaimed the others half enviously.

"Yer bet I did. An', fellers, doggoned if it didn't make me sort o' sad too. It minded me of a leetle feller I left ter home back thar in ther East. He wa'n't much bigger than this baby when I come erway. He war my baby, boys, an' blame me if I wouldn't like powerful ter see him, shore."

It was the morning of Thanksgiving Day when Tobe and Mark returned, but they brought the missionary with them. The miners withdrew from the cabin, leaving the husband, wife, and child together.

"What yer got in them bags, Tobe?" the Parson asked, when they reached Tobe's cabin and saw two well-filled bags lying on the floor.

"Them's some things for ther leetle shaver up thar," Tobe replied. "Yer see, me'n Mark fell ter talkin' 'bout ther baby an' Thanksgiving, an' one thing an' ernothe as we went down to ther post has'n night, an' it come ercost us

that ther baby ort ter hev some presents like, so we fetched them tricks erlong up with us," and as Tobe spoke he emptied the contents of the bags out on a table. "Them things hain't ter be sneezed at, air they?" he concluded.

"Reckon not," replied the Parson; "but I'm afeared ther baby can't git much good o' them books, an' sleds, an' skates, an' drums, an' fire-crackers."

"Don't make no difference 'bout that," said Tobe. "Hain't nobody in these diggin's goin' ter hev nothin' that our baby don't hev."

"Not much, they hain't," Mark cried; "not if money kin buy it."

"Wal, that's all right," said the Parson. "That's er blamed fine spread, shore, an' I reckon it'll most tickle ther hide often ther baby. But, say, we ortter git up some sort o' extra Thanksgivin' dinner ter go long o' that, ortn't we?"

"That's what," agreed Lish. "Flapjacks an' fried bacon don't seem hardly ther tricks for this sort o' casion, do they?"

"That's so. We ortter hev some pies an' cakes, an' sich like fixin's. Limpy, reckon yer kin git up some thin' fancy?"

"I hain't never cooked nothin' but flapjacks an' bacon," said Limpy, "but I low I kin be ekel to ther casion. I kin try, anyhow."

Limpy went to work at once, and by the time the others got a table fixed up down at the Parson's cabin, and got the baby's "things" all arranged, he had his cookery all prepared, and ready to lay on the cloth. Quite a nice appearance it made, too, when the table was ready, only Limpy's cakes looked rather flat and solid, being made entirely of sugar, water, and flour; and his pies were rather white and tough. The miners viewed the spread with no small amount of pride, however, and they made away with the viands in a manner that showed they relished them.

The dinner was heartily enjoyed by every one but the baby and its "ma," and the latter bragged wonderfully on the "doin's," which pleased Limpy almost as well as if she had eaten of it. After dinner old Tobe turned to the missionary and said:

"Parson, yer jest stay yere an' preach as long as yer please, an' if yer want ter rip inter our cussedness, jest pitch in. We're a blamed onry lot, an' yer can't show us up no wuss ner we air. Jest make yerself at home an' do as yer please. Hain't nobody in this camp goin' ter bother a man what has sicker woman an' baby as them thar."

A wonderful change came over Poverty Gap that day, and it lasted. Some of the credit of it was due, no doubt, to the missionary's preaching, but more was due to that "leettle baby an' its ma." Buck Sawyer's saloon was much less generously patronized, and drunken sprees and fights became few and far between. Perhaps old Mark Buster echoed the sentiment of his companions when he said, that Thanksgiving Day:

"No, sir, fellers; no spreen' fer me now. I'm derned low down an' onry, but I ain't so blamed fur gone as ter be er hog, an' yer bet that thar leettle feller an' its ma shan't be made ter blush on my account. Nary time, they shan't."

The events of that Thanksgiving Day were never forgotten by those old miners, and it is more than probable that there was never a return of the day but that every one of them lived those events over again. Certain it is they never forgot the little babe that was born Thanksgiving Eve, and which in its helpless innocence wielded a far greater influence for good than all the missionaries that ever visited the Gap.

#### IN FASHION'S GLASS.

**I**F we should heed the predictions of the weather prophet, there would be nothing further to advise in the way of dress, for the next few weeks, than a mackintosh and galoches. The mackintosh, or, as we used to know it, the waterproof, has become indeed a thing of beauty, and art has entirely concealed its object of usefulness. Science, too, has completely overcome the tell-tale odor of the rubber, and now both in shape and style it is made to vie with the most distinguished-looking tailor-made garment, and in fact requires the eye of a *connoisseur* to detect the difference. Tweeds of all varieties are prepared by special process to defy any amount of wet, and a double-breasted Newmarket made of one of these, having a long cape lined with silk or a plaid stuff in suitable colors, is a

veritable joy forever. A special feature made by a London house, which is indeed a happy idea, is a cleverly-concealed slit back of the flap-pockets on each hip, through which one can pass one's hand to hold up the dress-skirt beneath. It is to be hoped that some domestic manufacturer will take up the same idea, which is a capital one.

One of the prettiest prevailing fancies is that for shot effects in materials. They are to be seen in all varieties of fabrics, but perhaps most effectively in velvet, when a bright, rich color in the background glints through a soft, dark, thick pile. The idea is also successfully carried out in corduroys, crêpons, and cloths,

as was evidenced in an imported costume of heliotrope material with a wide-stripe corduroy surface shot with olive green. There was a band of dark heliotrope velvet bordered at each side with a narrow edge of fur around the foot of the skirt, and the bodice had a round yoke-piece back and front of the velvet edged with the fur, and there were big velvet sleeves.

One of the newest and most favored modes of making a hat for dressy occasions is illustrated. It is of felt, with a full crown of silver lace, a bunch of feathers at the back, and velvet loops of the same color as the felt. The second illustration gives a very stylish costume for late autumn, made of *grenat foulé* and trimmed with soutache of the same color. The sleeves are cut after the latest approved French mode.

One of the simplest and prettiest evening gowns for a young lady was recently produced from the establishment of Madame Adèle. It was in ivory-white China silk, made with a bell skirt and cross-wrapped bodice. There were three inch-wide shell ruches of rose-pink satin ribbon around the hem of the skirt, and one outlining the bodice top and bottom, while a fringe of pink-tipped daisies fell below the basque. An elegant costume Russe was designed by the same modiste. It is of a rich green cloth, with a very broad band of velvet to match at the foot of the skirt, bordered at

each side with *cog* feathers. A half-long coat falls slightly apart to show a deep vest of the velvet, while the feather trimming gives a yoke effect to the bodice, and finishes each edge of the wide cuffs. The hat to accompany this costume was of the velvet, having a flat brim and a full crown, tied around with a gold-embossed ribbon, into a bow at the back holding a cluster of Prince-of-Wales tips.

Rumor has it that sable fur is to completely oust seal-skin from public favor, but the latter has become such a favorite, and it is so generally becoming, that it is difficult to believe that it will be discarded. Besides, sable is only within reach of the fortunate few, and the rest of us must be content with mink, the prototype of sable. A combination of seal and mink is quite novel and rich, and is presented in a jacket of seal plush, embroidered in silk and jet, with a Russian collar of mink narrowing to the edge of the jacket, and a vest of tan-colored kersey. The jacket is lined with brocade, and the price is \$125. There are some very stylish reefer jackets in fur, such as all seal, or seal body and mink sleeves, gray krimmer and black astrakhan, which are very becoming to young ladies. Extremely stylish toques are made to match fur garments, comprising velvet crowns with borders of fur, and aigrette pompons of feathers or fur tails, or stiff quills. Some of them are in the old-fashioned turban shape, with flat oval crowns, and in many of these the new plaid and shaded velvets will be adopted with pleasing effect.

ELLA STARR.

#### THE BRAZILIAN SITUATION.

**T**HE excitement created by the Chilian imbroglio, as diplomats are wont to term it, having nearly died out, disquieting rumors reach us from another part of South America. It seems that in some of the States forming the newly-founded Brazilian republic there has sprung up considerable dissatisfaction with the present state of national affairs. President da Fonseca has been charged with a longing for dictatorial powers, and the dissolution of the Brazilian Congress, recently decreed by him, is ascribed to the fact that a majority of the members of this body are not in sympathy with his political aspirations, while from other sides reports have been circulated stating that the Imperialist party, having regained great influence in several of the States, was fomenting a revolution in those parts with a view of restoring the empire.

While there is much evidence of serious disturbances in the Province of Rio Grande do Sul and other places, it will be difficult for some time to come to ascertain the real cause of the trouble, as the government has absolute control of the telegraph service. Official communications sent from Rio de Janeiro to the representative of the Brazilian Government at Washington, Señor Mendonça, deny the alarming reports in regard to restoration of monarchy and disturbance of order. In Rio de Janeiro the trouble in Rio Grande do Sul is characterized as a "struggle for supremacy between the two parties." The authorities admit that the opposition party gained the first innings in this struggle, as Governor Costilhos, being asked to resign by a delegation of citizens, consented to do so in order to avoid material conflict. A junta consisting of Dr. Assiz Brazil, brother-in-law to Governor Costilhos, Dr. Casol Ribeiro, and General Osorio, has been charged with the administration of affairs, and according to Señor Mendonça's report, tranquillity is re-established in Rio Grande do Sul. The eventuality of secession is not considered at all probable by the Brazilian Minister, since he is convinced that to all Brazilians the idea of disintegrating the republic is utterly repugnant. As to those exaggerated reports of internal troubles in Brazil which appeared in English newspapers, Minister Mendonça believes

them to be invented by London stock-jobbers to depress Brazilian securities.

Now there may be truth in the assertion that these reports in the London papers were exaggerated for speculative or other purposes, still the circular notes of the Brazilian Government fail to explain why President da Fonseca has deemed it prudent in Rio de Janeiro to suppress all opposition newspapers if no disagreeable news could possibly be printed; also, why a state of siege had to be declared in Rio de Janeiro if there was no disturbance whatever in that city, and why it was necessary to appoint a special commission for the summary trial of persons charged with being enemies of the republic if nobody ever aimed at the overthrow of the Union of the Brazilian States. There is seemingly a remarkable resemblance between General da Fonseca's present position in Brazil and that of the late President of Chili in January, 1890, however with this difference, that the Brazilian dictator possesses a firmer grip on the military and naval forces, and therefore is more likely to come out at the big end of the horn.

#### LIFE INSURANCE.—MORE SCHEMES.

**A** DISPATCH from Lowell, Mass., announces the winding up of the Golden Seal Endowment Order. Its poor dupes get sixty per cent. of their money back, which is much more than most of the orders will return.

The newspapers of New York are exposing Dr. A. H. P. Leuf of Philadelphia, president of the Benefit Loan Fraternity of that city. He established the branch in New York and offered at the end of seven years to pay \$1,000 cash to members of the Fraternity, who were to pay a small initiation fee of one dollar a week for seven years. For \$392 they were to receive at the end of seven years \$1,000 in cash. Ridiculous as the proposition was, it attracted a good many customers, but not so many as another scheme he devised, by which he offered \$100 in cash at the end of a year for one dollar a week in dues and eight dollars for the initiation fee. He promised to deposit all moneys received in the trust company. He said the new members would keep the concern running and the profits on the lapses or surrendered certificates would enable it to meet its obligations. Suddenly it fell into the hands of the receiver, and the poor dupes are now left with what redress the courts can afford. All this in spite of my repeated warnings.

Still a third one of these swindles is exposed this week. The Royal Ark, which has thrived in New England and concerning which I have had a number of inquiries, as my readers will remember, has been exposed by the Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, who finds that the officers received fat salaries, that sixty suits against it are now pending, and indictments are threatened against its officers. In less than a year the company took in nearly \$40,000, but an examination showed that it had only \$10,000 on hand. It is remarkable, in face of the constant exposure of such schemes, that they still survive.

**D**ETROIT, MICH., NOVEMBER 7TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—Having carefully read your articles weekly from and including the first, I feel free enough to ask your opinion of the inclosed circular of the National Loan and Investment Company. I hardly know whether this comes under your supervision or that of "Jasper"; if the latter, will you kindly hand to him? I'm carrying \$50,000 life and \$20,000 accident insurance; hence my interest in your admirable articles.

Yours etc., R. S.

**A. S.**—"R. S." should have written to "Jasper." The National Loan and Investment Company is not an insurance concern. The statement it makes to its shareholders is a very good one, and I advise "R. S." to get the commercial standing of its officers before he puts much money into this or any other scheme, and often with good officers sometimes bad results follow. Everything depends upon the management. "R. S." lives in Detroit, the headquarters of the company he inquires about, and he should be able much better than I to ascertain its real standing.

**S**CRANTON, PA., NOVEMBER 7TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—Will you kindly tell me what you know, or think, of the Mutual Relief Society of Rochester, N. Y.? The Insurance Department of New York has no report from it since December 31st, 1890. Yours truly, A. W. D.

**A. W. D.**—"A. W. D." is mistaken. He will find a report regarding the Mutual Relief Society of Rochester in the Insurance Department Report for 1891. The concern reports a total income during 1890 of \$417,000. Its disbursements during the year were \$450,000, and the balance on hand at the close of the year was \$24,218, which statement shows that it does a small business and not an over profitable one.

**S**T. LOUIS, MO., NOVEMBER 8TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—I herewith inclose you a pamphlet concerning the United Order of Equity, an institution that I am considering the advisability of joining. Would you in your next issue kindly give me your opinion as to the reliability of the organization?

Yours truly, A. T. G.

**A. T. G.**—The United Order of Equity offers a good deal for a very little. It is not the kind of an order that I would care to join. I have seen the experiment tried too often and fail to care to try it for myself. I have said enough about these short and long term orders, which offer almost everything under the sun, to enable "A. T. G." to judge of its merits. Anything that offers too much for too little is always safe to let alone.

**F**AYETTEVILLE, N. C., NOVEMBER 9TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—I am a regular reader of your paper, and would like to know through your column what is the result of the examination by the Insurance Commissioner into the affairs of the New York Life Insurance Company? I do not ask out of idle curiosity, but because I am a policy-holder, and see and hear so many rumors. Will you also give your views as to the value of the fifteen-year non-forfeitable policy issued by the New York Life, with the five options to be decided upon at the end of the period. I pay pretty high for it, and other companies through their agents say that it is largely a myth, so far as the options are concerned. I know nothing of insurance and have not the time to study it, and really largely upon your judgment in this matter. Yours truly, H. L. C.

**H. L. C.**—The examination of the New York Life's affairs has not yet been finished, or at least not at this date made public. I learn from parties who seem to have a knowledge of the affair that the report will show the company to be entirely solvent, and much stronger than its enemies have represented. The fifteen-year policy mentioned by "H. L. C." is a good one of its kind. Of course rival agents will endeavor to depreciate its value. This is what insurance agents seem to be in the world for.

**M**ARION, IND., NOVEMBER 9TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—Being a constant reader of Frank Leslie's, and noticing your valuable advice regarding insurance, I write you for information for my brother who has insured his life recently in England in the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, and he wants to know from me whether it is a good company. I will forward him your remarks in the issue that it appears in. I am respectfully yours, C. H. G.

**C. H. G.**—The Mutual Life of New York is considered to be one of the strongest and most successful, as well as one of the oldest life companies in the United States.

**J. E. S.**—"J. E. S." of Portland, Ore., asks several questions about the New York Life: (1) If S. L. Dinkelspiel, one of its agents, who has involved the company in some bad lawsuits, should be retained in the employ of a great and well managed insurance company? (2) If it is true that President Beers sunk half a million of the company's funds in Wall Street speculations? (3) If I can give definite information regarding the charges against the company.

**A. D.**—(1) The officers of the company report that Mr. Dinkelspiel is no longer in their employ. I presume that my correspondent knows that the moral character of a life insurance agent cannot always be definitely known, nor even inquired into, before his engagement. (2) The officers of the New York Life positively deny that President Beers has ever speculated with the company's funds in Wall Street. (3) The State Insurance Commissioner is now examining the affairs of the New York Life, and I hope before many weeks to be able to give his official report. There is no question as to the company's solvency.

*The Hermit.*



WOODS (PRINCETON) RECEIVES FROM KING FOR A RUN AROUND THE END.



PRINCETON ADVANCING THE "V" TRICK.



THE QUARTER-BACK PASSES TO HARROLD (PRINCETON).

BLISS (YALE) GOES THROUGH THE CENTRE.

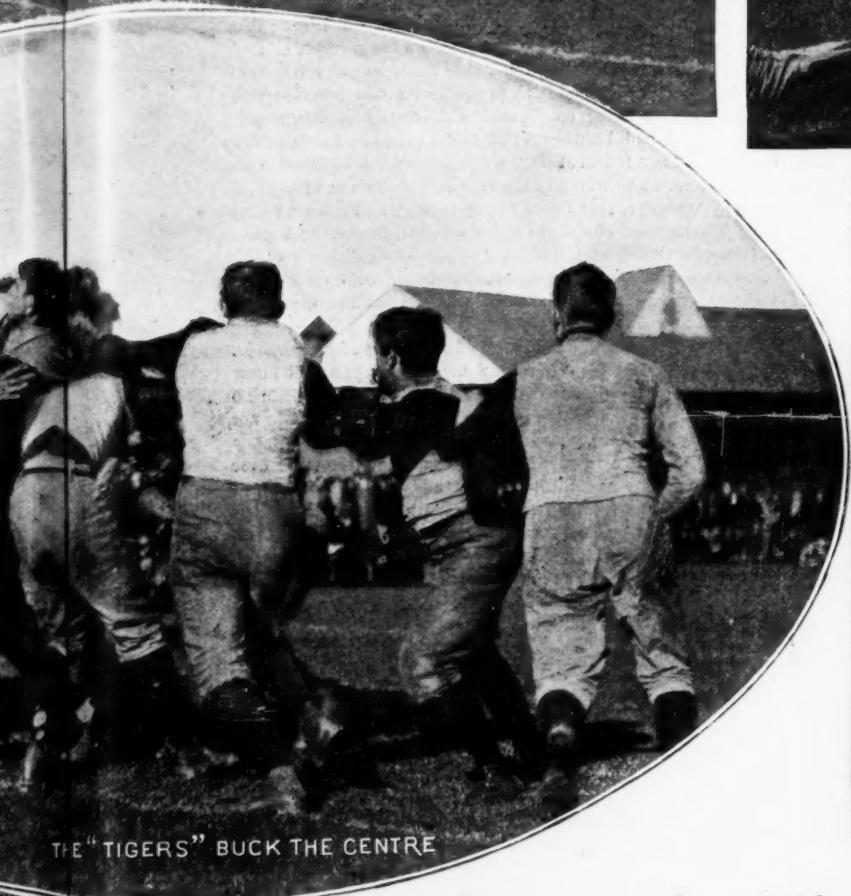


FLINT (PRINCETON) SNAPS BACK TO KING.

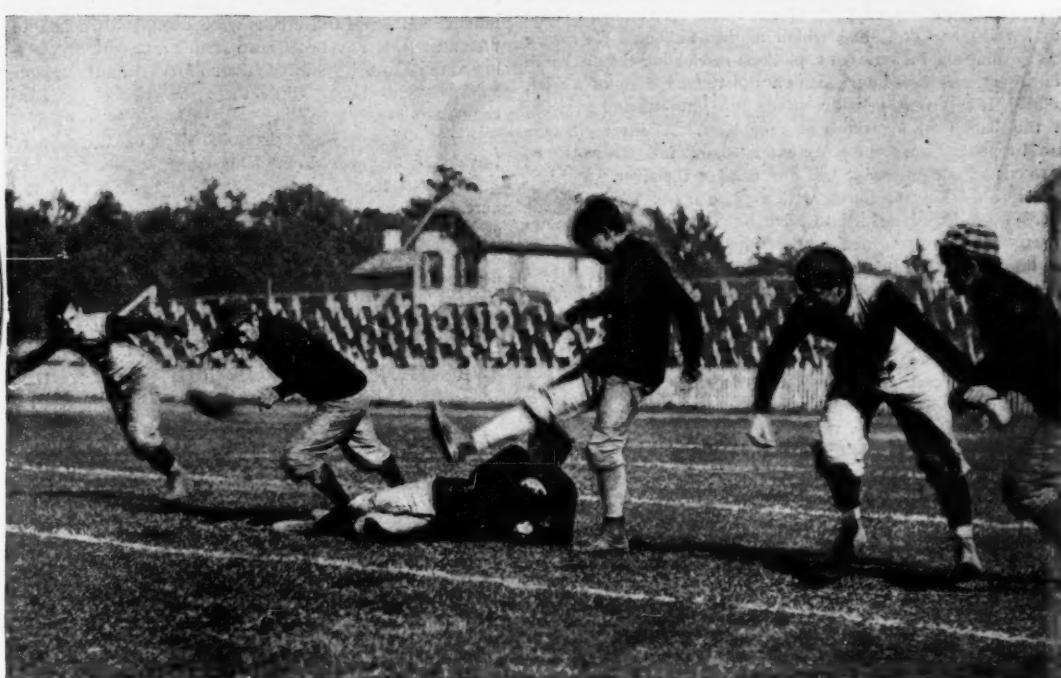
HARTWELL AND MILLS (YALE) CRY "DOWN."

CHARACTERISTIC PLAYS OF THE 'VARSITY FOOT-BALL TEAMS, YALE

KING (PRINCETON) KICKS A GOAL.



THE "TIGERS" BUCK THE CENTRE.



HOMANS (PRINCETON) KICKS A GOAL.



CAPTAIN MCCLUNG GOES THROUGH A HOLE IN THE CENTRE.



VIEW OF THE GRAND-STAND.

EAMS, YALE AND PRINCETON.—FROM SKETCHES BY HEMMNT.—[SEE PAGE 275.]



A CLEAN-KICKED GOAL.

## OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

(Continued from page 268.)

The run from Pak Wik south across the peninsula to Katmai is not a new one. It had been made before the FRANK LESLIE'S Expedition undertook it by Walker, Clark, Petroff, Lord Lonsdale, and W. C. Greenfield, the last-named making the shortest trip on record—four days. The distance is only about one hundred and fifty miles, but a part of this is set up on edge, so as to make progress somewhat difficult. It was about this portage that the most soul-harrowing portions of Lord Lonsdale's tale of woe were written. I had no difficulty worth mentioning on the journey, and made it in remarkably short time. My party actually traveled six days from Pak Wik to the Pacific, resting two additional days *en route*. The run from the north side of the mountain pass down to sea level on the south side was made in the wonderfully short time of five and one-half hours.

Our departure from Pak Wik was on an ideal sledding day. The road up the Nak Nik River was simply magnificent—a perfect avenue over the ice where the tracks had been cut of a dozen or more native sleds. The dogs had recovered from their over-fed condition and were on the jump, the sun shone brightly, the air was brisk enough to be bracing, and the wind was from the southeast and warm. This warm wind, however, was a wolf in sheep's clothing. It had blown steadily for several days, and eventually succeeded in achieving a small miracle. It was now only the last of February, practically midwinter, yet the Nak Nik River broke up from source to mouth. Of course we were in for it, since no party of mine was ever known to miss any trivial pieces of ill-luck which might be about. We awoke one morning amid a series of explosions resembling the discharge of artillery, and found our camp on the ragged edge of a wild, unhampered torrent, grinding an ice jam into bits and gnawing at the banks for mouthfuls of vegetation. A short distance ahead a precipitous promontory extended out into the water so as to cut off our progress along the edge of the river. We had to take to the hills, beginning with a climb up an incline which I have ever since imagined to have been about seventy-five degrees. We never returned to the river, but made an obstinate bee-line across country to Lake Nak Nik. Several days over a wide, uninteresting expanse of ice, bordered by a gray, indefinite timber-line, took us to Severnosky village, an Esquimaum hamlet lying at the foot of the northern slope of the Peninsula range. The inhabitants of this village have by a number of travelers been characterized as so brutal and dishonest that nowadays the stranger dislikes to accept Severnosky hospitality. We were not particular about such matters, however, especially because half of my crew and myself had received a cold bath by running in the dark into open water, upon which a flock of ducks, harbingers of a new spring, were quacking in the gloom. We only arrived at Severnosky at ten at night, dripping wet, where we were not frozen stiff, and the natives did everything for us in their power. We remained there the next day to prepare for the trip over the pass, and the natives nursed us with the greatest hospitality. But eventually when, very early on the morning of March 4th, I had everything ready for a start, my American axe was reported lost. Of course we could not leave without an axe, and the affair caused me to lose my temper without delay. I drew my 45-calibre six-shooter, loaded it slowly and carefully, while the villagers began assuming embarrassed and startled expressions, and then I announced that unless *the axe*, or at least *an axe*, were forthcoming in ten minutes I would open hostilities by beginning to shoot the village dogs. It was a "bluff," for I don't think I could have found the heart to kill an innocent brute; but the scheme worked like a charm. We left in five minutes with two axes and several fresh substitutes for some of our crippled dogs. This axe affair was the only instance of dishonesty among the natives I experienced during the whole year of my Alaskan travels.

The next two days were climb, climb, climb, up steep bluffs, across rocky table-lands, through fierce gorges with wild mountain torrents, around the base of an active volcano, whose summit was veiled in clouds, but from whose sides bubbled steaming, sulphurous, malodorous streams; up, up, up, to the very edge of the timber-line. There, within sight of the notorious pass, through which even now a death-dealing black "purga" was whirling, we camped, three thousand feet high, in the last thin little group of trees. The party now consisted of myself, Anokhtoknagok, Ivan Kak Kak, Mathei Chakapan of Pak Wik, and Stepanka and Vasutka, Vassilitch of Severnosky, two sleds and twenty-three dogs. And we all lay in the little wall-tent on the mountain, waiting for the blizzard to die out.

After a day had passed, and time had eaten well into a second, I grew impatient, and as it had been my experience that these people are sometimes over-cautious, I called a palaver, and said: "Now, boys, you know that I have always treated you well. I am paying you well for your work, and I want you to treat me as well as I am treating you. This sitting about a camp is a poor way of passing the time. It is still snowing, I see, but the storm in the mountain gap does no longer look as black to me as it did. I have therefore made up my mind to start over the mountains. If you are afraid to go with the dogs and sleds, I will leave one man with the sled-outfit and the rest of us will pack what is left over the mountain. I will give you five minutes to talk it over."

They all left the tent, and in about two minutes returned and began rolling up the furs.

"Well, what are you going to do?" I asked.

"Leave one sled; take all the dogs," was the reply.

It was a splendid idea. We left everything not absolutely indispensable in the abandoned Esquimaum sled on the mountain, hitched the twenty-three dogs to the dainty sled "Cyclone," donned our snow-shoes, and started, at eleven o'clock on the morning of March 7th, on a veritable stampede over the dangerous Katmai pass. The gap was not as clear as it had looked from a distance, for a violent snow-storm was whirling through it, limiting our field of view to a radius of a few yards. But we had little time for pondering. The twenty-three dogs had started on the run, and with their light load maintained so great a speed that it was all Stepan and I, who ran ahead, could do to keep out of their way. When we got over the hot sulphur pools on the top of the "divide," and the descent began with a gradual

slope over a snow-covered glacier, the dash assumed a semblance of recklessness which shook one's nerves, but there was no stop now. The dogs seemed to feel the need of hurry, and the storm now got in our rear and helped to urge our speed. The descent might eventually have ended disastrously, had not several bald spots of grounds, where the Pacific sun had already driven away the snow, intervened and acted as brakes. Eventually the mountain-range of the Aliashka Peninsula, whose northern slope is a gradual and long approach, drops by precipitous terraces into the Pacific. We were all now exhilarated by the rapidity of our motion, and as we really in an emergency could have spared the sled, I decided to lose no time in getting down. I had the dog unhitched from the sled without being taken out of the harness, and then instructed my men to make everything secure on the sled. Then Stepan and I started the grandest coasting experience in the history of sled-traveling. We had four thousand feet to go by stages of several hundred feet at a time. First Stepan and I would coast down a terrace; the dogs, howling, yelping and fighting, the whole twenty-three in a bunch, would roll down in a squirming mass, and then in a cloud of snow-particles, the sled would thunder down a slope with one or two Esquimaux clinging to it, while the rest, like the lamented Jill, came tumbling after. It was a dangerous sport, but we got down without an accident, and camped at sea-level, about eight miles from Katmai, at half-past four in the afternoon. We had made a trip, which has taken days, in five and a half hours.

The last day of my sled-travel, March 8th, was begun at an early hour. Spring had so far advanced on this side of the mountains that all the creeks were open, and we had to make fifteen fords, but eventually we struck a smooth ice-field reaching to the Katmai post, and all six of us sat on the sled and sang an Esquimaum chanty, while the twenty-three dogs galloped for the fish-caches.

We had been just thirty-nine days on the road, and had traveled eight hundred miles.

My boys took a few days' rest, and afterward left for the north with my beloved dogs, whom I disliked to lose, and who energetically reciprocated my aversion to a separation.

But the whips cracked, and the team felt the call of duty, and disappeared in the morning mist which floats grayly over the ice at Katmai.

A. B. SCHANZ.

#### THE GEORGIA LOCOMOTIVE CHASE.—A REMINISCENCE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

KEARNEY, NEB., October 23d, 1891.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:—In your issues of the 11th and 18th of July there were several topics which attract more than ordinary attention. Among these are the unveiling of "Ohio's tribute to the Andrews Raiders" at Chattanooga, and the proposed statue of Nathan Hale to be erected in City Hall Park, New York City. The latter is a duty too long deferred. As one of the survivors of the Andrews raid, permit me to offer a thought or two in that connection. On behalf of the friends and surviving comrades of the deceased comrades in whose memory the monument was erected, I wish to extend heartfelt thanks to all concerned in the movement which culminated in the erection of that beautiful and lasting testimonial of the love and appreciation of a grateful State to her martyrs to liberty and justice.

The men in the expedition in which these eight lost their lives were but common soldiers, and while the raid itself shows what service the enlisted men in our army could render, the monument shows how a grateful people appreciate and reward patriotic devotion to duty without regard to the rank or station of those who discharge that duty. The *Century* article from which you gather your facts was written by Pittenger. That author has always made Captain Fuller the moving spirit and hero of the chase after the captured train, but in my judgment the real hero on the Confederate side was Anthony Murphy, the officer who your article says happened to be aboard the train when it arrived at Big Shanty. Murphy was master-mechanic of the road, and was first to see the captured engine "General" pull out in the hands of the raiders. He sent a man on horseback to Marietta to telegraph for help, and then he (Murphy), Fuller, and Jeff. Cain, the engineer, started on foot after the fugitive engine—"started on a run down the track." For their daring and perseverance in running down the captured engine the pursuers are entitled to great credit. But I repeat that Murphy showed himself the real hero, for when we had fallen into the hands of the enemy, had told them we were United States soldiers acting under orders from our officers, Anthony Murphy showed the stuff that *men* are made of by returning to his business and leaving the military authorities to deal with us. Not so with Fuller, however; he seemed to feel that the fact that we had captured his train made our sin unpardonable, and he insisted that we should be condemned and hung as spies, thus pursuing a fallen foe to his death. The capture of this particular train afforded its conductor an opportunity which he very promptly improved and thus gave himself a place in history. Suppose we had captured some other conductor's train, who then would know of William A. Fuller to-day? Instead of seeking our lives he should have thanked us for taking his train.

But your article says the rest were never brought to trial. Well, and why not? Simply because, when in October, some six months after our capture and four months after the execution of Andrews and the seven comrades, they were just ready to proceed with the trial and execution of the rest, we disarmed our jailer and guards and escaped. That is why, and but for that fact there would be twenty-one graves around "Ohio's Tribute" instead of eight. No; six months even did not serve to appease the wrath of Jeff. Davis, Fuller & Co., and they were still after us.

But, says one, what did Davis know about it? Well, you see, after four months of close confinement in dungeons and in common jails, part of the time chained together in pairs by the necks, and handcuffed, the suspense became unbearable, and in our boyish simplicity we wrote a letter \* to Jefferson Davis, asking for his clemency. He got the letter all right. His secretary of war—Randolph—had a spark of humanity in his soul, and recom-

mended clemency, but Davis returned the letter to his war secretary with this indorsement: "Secretary of War:—Inquire whether there is anything to justify a discrimination between these and others who were executed for the same offense." Of course there was nothing to *justify* a discrimination, and we must go. Well, we *did* go, but not their way.

In speaking of the memorial erected by the British Government to the memory of Major Andre you say, "Americans for generations have lingered before that testimonial, some wondering if the awful sacrifice by the Hudson was justified by any principle of war—not to say of humanity." Well, well; what, then, will they think when lingering before Ohio's tribute to the Andrews raiders and reflecting that these martyrs were captured in a military expedition, twenty-two operating in a body; that they were not inside of any camp of the enemy's soldiers; that they had been told after the capture, by officers of the Confederate army, that they would be treated as ordinary prisoners of war, thus keeping them as far as possible in ignorance of the fate that awaited them, and discouraging any attempt to escape; that they were suddenly taken from prison and executed without an hour's warning (except in the case of their leader), not being granted the poor privilege of writing a line to any relative or friend; that even Free Masonry would not secure to the one member of that order (Ross) a reprieve from this illegal execution, or a respite of one day, though they had been prisoners for two months; that the leader after being condemned had escaped and, by a pretended friend, had been betrayed again into the hands of his enemies? Then reflect upon the dying messages of these martyred heroes. The words of Ross: "Boys, tell them at home, if any of you escape, that I died for my country and did not regret it!" The message of Slavens to his wife and three little boys in his peaceful Ohio home: "Wife—children—tell—" but before he could recover his speech, momentarily choked with emotion, he was hurried away and put to death with the unfinished message trembling upon his lips.

Then listen to the final message of all, as given by George D. Wilson on the scaffold: "We are not spies, and you well know it; we are soldiers in the discharge of our duty. We hold no grudge or ill-will against the people of the South. You are not to blame for this war; your leaders are responsible. But many of you will yet live to see the starry flag of the free wave over the very spot on which this scaffold stands."

Let Americans recall these things as they linger before that testimonial, and wonder if the awful eightfold sacrifice at Atlanta, and the manner in which it was made, was justified by any principle of war—not to say of humanity.

But "war is the badge of savagery." Aye, verily; and "it is time for this nation to initiate the era of peace."

D. A. DORSEY.

#### HUNTING BIRD PLUMES IN FLORIDA.

HAVE you ever been in the forests of southern Florida, in among the rookeries of those beautiful birds of plumage—egrets, white and blue herons, pink curlews, etc.—and have you ever listened to the sharp, quick and successive crack of huntsmen's guns as they slaughtered the lovely creatures, sacrificing them, as it were, to the goddess of fashion? I have, and now whenever I see one of the fair queens of fashion wearing egret tips or curlew feathers in her bonnet it makes the blood run cold in my veins.

Let me tell you my experience. One spring I was down in Polk County, a garden spot of nature, being on what is known as the back-bone of the Florida peninsula. Here, out of curiosity, I joined a party of native bird-plume hunters and went with them to the rookeries, the nesting-places of beautiful birds of plumage.

These rookeries might aptly be called bird cities, for there, year after year, the egrets, herons, and other birds build their nests; night after night they sleep in the same trees, and in the shadow of those same forest giants do they each year rear their young—that is, when their rookeries are unknown to the huntsmen.

It is a grand sight to stand and watch flock after flock of these pretty creatures flying homeward in the evening, and pleasing to the ear to listen to the young birds' cries of welcome.

The plume of the female bird is of greatest beauty and intrinsic value, and is at its best just when the young are being hatched out, consequently it is not alone the mother-bird that gives up her life to furnish fine feathers for some pretty girl's bonnet, but her whole family of babies must die the slow and awful death of starvation; for they are too young to go out into the world to seek food for themselves, and, bereft of the tender care of a mother, left without a friend in the world to care for or feed them, they linger and die.

I tell you, friends, it is terrible to stand beneath the mighty forest trees and hear the whole air about you filled with the dying moans of orphans, even if they be but birds.

In the gray light of early morn and in the dusk of twilight, thousands of the most beautiful of God's plumaged creatures nestling among the tree-tops, and I, with that party of hunters, crept silently through the underbrush until close beneath their perches; then the worse than murder began. Crack! crack! crack! The poor birds too heavy-headed and stupid from sleep to realize that death was upon them; shot after shot, until dead birds were piled up in heaps about us, looking very much like snow-drifts.

Then, by the light of a big pitch-pine fire, the work of removing the plumes began. With sharp hunting-knives a little diamond-shaped patch of skin, to which the plume is attached, is cut from the centre of the bird's back, then its carcass is thrown one side to feed the hungry buzzards, who will in the early morning swoop down upon it. Little splints of wood are then stuck in across and up and down to stretch the patches of skin, and the plumes are ready to carry to market, where they bring from twenty-five cents to one dollar each, according to the fineness and beauty of the feathers.

This was the experience of one day. That night, after the work of removing the plumes had been completed, I wrapped up in my blanket and lay down by the camp-fire to sleep.

The exciting scenes and occurrences of the day flitted before my mental vision like the panorama of a fevered brain, but finally I dozed. Then came a horrible and never-to-be-forgotten exp-

\* Rebellion Records, vol. 10, page 635.

rience. Ten thousand white-plumed birds surrounded my aching form; they mounted upon my chest and limbs, their little red, sorrowful eyes seeming to bore holes into my very soul. I could feel my body gradually sinking into the soft sand beneath their weight. Down, down, slowly but surely. A giant heron, mounted upon my breast, seemed to take steady aim at my right eye. Slowly his long neck stretched out, his sharp beak coming nearer and nearer to my almost bursting optic. I writhed, groaned, and screamed aloud. Then came a feeling as of liquid fire pouring down my parched throat, and I awoke to find the huntsmen gathered around me, rubbing my limbs, pounding my chest, and one of them had a black bottle between my teeth, from which was flowing the stream of liquid fire.

It was hard to realize that this was but a dream, it seemed so real, and it gave me quite enough of bird-plume hunting. Early next morning I set out on foot for Fort Meade, the nearest town, and never since that day have I killed even a sparrow.

This is a true experience, and I have written it in the hope that the ladies who read it will, by refusing to wear mounted birds or bird plumes in their bonnets, cease to encourage this wholesale murder.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

#### THE POPULARITY OF FOOT-BALL.

WITH the lapse of interest in base-ball, lawn tennis, and kindred amusements, the game of foot-ball has been re-established in the estimation of the sport-loving people of the community. Never before in the history of the game has it been productive of so much general interest; not alone to college men, who a few years ago enjoyed a monopoly of this branch of sport, is this interest confined, but among all classes is the same condition of things found. The development of public interest is due unquestionably to the prominence given to the big 'varsity elevens that annually engage in the inter-collegiate championship series.

Incidental to this remarkable development of interest, everybody in the sporting swim—and out of it, for that matter—is discussing the probable outcome of the Yale-Princeton championship game on Thanksgiving Day. The relative play and strength of the rival elevens is a subject that teems with interest to the foot-ball enthusiast, and the chronicling of any circumstance that transpires in connection with the preliminary details is awaited with what seems to be an unwarranted degree of eagerness.

Both teams have recently indulged in some rather severe practice games, which have had a tendency to demonstrate their relative playing strength. A comparison of these games has demonstrated that Yale has by far the stronger team, and from an expert standpoint Princeton's chances of winning are exceedingly small. The intervention of little more than a week's time has given the latter little opportunity of improving their playing strength. It must be principally upon the games played by Yale and Princeton respectively that a final line of comparison will be drawn. Unfortunately the limits of space confine the writer to a superficial analysis of the merits of the respective rival organizations.

Yale's game against the University of Pennsylvania developed the fact that one element—and an important one—is lacking: namely, spirit and snap. Captain McClung's absence from the field may have had something to do with this. But, however, a degree of sluggishness was observed that did not demonstrate the correctness of the statement that the men had been trained to the hour. Twice the Pennsylvanians succeeded in getting the ball dangerously near the Yale line on punts that could have been prevented had the men on the Yale side been more active.

If these circumstances showed the weakness in one element, they served in a measure to prove that in running and interference, two of the most important features in the playing of a game, the Yalies are incomparable. McCormick and "Laurie" Bliss are capable of doing valiant work in carrying the ball, and with the giant Heffelfinger to lead in the interference, an opposing team has little chance of preventing touch-downs being made frequently.

The Yale rush line is a tower of strength, and on the ends Hinkley and Hartwell are capable enough to hold their own against any opposing elements. Barbour, who will be back of the line, is a capable man and a good lieutenant to McClung, who will play left half-back to Bliss's left. Some doubt has heretofore existed regarding the advisability of using McCormick as full-back. But his splendid work against Pennsylvania has removed any false notion critics may have had on that score, and it is practically settled that he will fill the position in the Thanksgiving Day game.

McClung is not a firm believer in the advantages of wedge playing. Of course the weight of his team enables him to have recourse to it at any time its advantages are apparent. But he favors a game in which the men behind the line are given an opportunity to display their running qualities, while the interference of the heavy men is brought into requisition.

The inability of the Princeton eleven to score more than one goal against Cornell seems to bear more eloquent testimony to the lack of efficiency on the part of the former as compared with Yale than a volume of words can express. The present team is admitted to be even weaker than the one which made such an inglorious struggle against Yale last fall.

A careful observation of the work done by the Princeton eleven demonstrates that it is conspicuously weak in interference. This is one of Yale's strongest points, and Captain Warren has not neglected to drill his men in this important feature of the play. In everything but weight the rush line is splendidly equipped. The men tackle well, and a disposition to be aggressive is very marked. Jesse Riggs will oppose Heffelfinger on the line, and the work of these two giants will excite a great deal of interest. On the ends Princeton is comparatively weak. King behind the line is a valuable man. The backs are all efficient and able players.

The game will be played on Manhattan field, and it is more than probable that 35,000 spectators will witness it from the interior of the grounds alone. The seating capacity will be afforded for this vast assemblage by the erection of huge stands almost completely inclosing the field. Special facilities will be afforded tally-ho and carriage parties directly in front of the stand on the north side of the grounds.

S. C. AUSTIN.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES AT FIFTY.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Wales, which occurred on the 9th inst., was an event of a good deal of interest throughout Great Britain, and the newspapers were given up to accounts and illustrations of incidents and events in the life of the heir apparent. We reproduce elsewhere from the London *News* and *Graphic* some of the pictures published in connection with the occasion. The day was observed in a quiet manner at Sandringham, the seat of the Prince, where a large number of congratulatory letters and telegrams were received. Many presents were forwarded from various parts of England and the Continent. Among the notable gifts was one from the dramatic profession, a gold cigar-box weighing one hundred ounces, and a superb specimen of the goldsmith's art. The top of the box is surmounted by the three ostrich feathers, which form the coat-of-arms of the Prince set with diamonds. The gift was in recognition of the generous patronage bestowed by the Prince upon the London theatres.

#### THE THEATRES.

"CAVALIERIA RUSTICANA" and "The Tyrolean" are playing to tremendous business at the Casino. Miss Tempest in "The Tyrolean" is admirable. While her part affords her little opportunity, she proves herself a thorough artist. "Cavalleria Rusticana" is interpreted by a very strong cast, including Laura Bellini, Charles Bassett, William Pruett, and Grace Golden.



MARIE TEMPEST IN "THE TYROLEAN," AT THE CASINO.

One of the delightful features of the production is the grand orchestra of fifty pieces under the leadership of Gustave Kerker.

Daly's company will open at their newly decorated theatre this evening (November 25th) in "The Taming of the Shrew." The cast includes Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Drew, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Leclercq, and Miss Kitty Cheatam. This piece is to be played for just one week, and will be followed by "The School for Scandal."

The Lyceum's regular stock company opened in Pinero's "Lady Bountiful" on the 16th inst. The cast includes Messrs. Kellogg, Le Moine, Walcot, Williams, Bellows, Misses Cayvan, Shannon, Robson, Mrs. Walcot, and Mrs. Whiffin.

"Alabama" is playing to good business at Palmer's. This purely American play has met with such phenomenal success that Mr. Palmer has decided to produce nothing but plays by native authors. "Alabama" is to be followed by Thomas's "Mr. Carter of Cartersville," but from present indications it will be some time before a change of bill is necessary.

One of Mr. Frohman's companies will open at Hermann's on December 7th in a new comedy, "The Junior Partner."

"Hoss and Hoss" at the Park is the usual concoction of idiocy which we have learned to term farce-comedy. Mr. Reed and Mr. Collier were both very funny in the "City Directory," but in "Hoss and Hoss" they are not so. Their ability is unquestioned, but their judgment in appearing in such a trashy piece as this is not to be commended.

WINDSOR.

THE mere rumor that Jay Gould was very ill gave the market a slight shock. I well recall the time when such a rumor would have sent prices up or down at least ten points. I have reasons to believe that Mr. Gould is getting ready to let go of his enormous Wall Street interests, and that the Vanderbilts are willing to take a hand in some of the properties. If this be the case it means a rise in some of the Gould securities, for whatever the Vanderbilts touch seems to have the confidence of investors.

The failure of the Maverick Bank in Boston caused more of a breeze than Jay Gould's illness, and well it might, for it emphasized the fact that the liquidation of various speculative accounts growing largely out of the real-estate booms in the West and South has not been completed in the East. I imagine that one of the great drawbacks to a general advance in Wall Street lies in the fact that this liquidation has not culminated. How big the bubble is we may not know, but it is certainly a very big one.

My readers recollect that months ago I said there would be a crash in Berlin as well as in London before the foreign liquidation was completed. The crash came last week with the frightful failure of the Sommerfeld Bank. The panic that followed affected the American securities like the Northern Pacific, which

had been largely dealt in abroad, and an enormous amount of these securities have been returned to us within the past twelve months, and this fact accounts in part for the fluctuations of Northern Pacific stocks and bonds and in some other listed securities.

Another feature that affected the market slightly and had a far-reaching influence upon conservative investors was the failure of the United States Express Company, at its recent meeting, to declare its semi-annual dividend of two per cent. The recent steady decline in this stock has not been accompanied by very large sales, and looked to me like the result of manipulation. It is probable, I believe, that the bears on the stock, not being able to get enough of it at a low figure, but perhaps having sold more than they owned, have induced the management to pass the dividend for the purpose of further suppressing the security and enabling the manipulators to cover their shorts. It would not surprise me if the dividends were resumed at the next meeting, and if I held the stock I should not sacrifice it.

On the other side, to the credit and account of Wall Street stands the continued increase in railroad earnings, the strengthening of lake freights, and the continuous reports regarding the car famine in the West. I have a suspicion that the railroads prefer, so long as there is lake competition, not to have too many cars. If they can keep back some of their shipments until the lakes are frozen over and grain must be carried by rail at higher prices they will do a good thing for themselves. Perhaps this is what they are doing.

PORSCHE, N. H., NOVEMBER 10TH, 1891. *Jasper*:—On the strength of a subscriber and interested reader of FRANK LESLIE'S, I inclose this matter. My daughter has received two of them, purporting to convey lots in answer to rebus guessing. I expect the whole thing is a hoax. Am I right? Yours truly, J. H. H.

Ans.—"J. H. H." incloses a circular which embraces an order for a house lot, and requests that \$1.25 be remitted to pay for drawing the deed, etc. Not long since one of the New York newspapers exposed just such a scheme. I hope "J. H. H." is not foolish enough to believe that anybody is giving away real estate of any value in Florida or anywhere else. What is offered for nothing is not worth taking. Always bear that in mind.

DECATUR, ILL., NOVEMBER 9TH, 1891. *Jasper*:—From suggestions made I some time since purchased Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis certificates at 84. Do you still advise holding them, or would you advise changing into something else? A reply in your LESLIE column will greatly oblige. Yours respectfully, J. M.

Ans.—When I advised the purchase of Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis I said that the holder should be willing and able to pay for it, and to hold it for a year. I am told the rehabilitation of this company's affairs will, when perfected, make the common stock a great deal more than it is selling at. Whenever it begins to move it is likely to move rapidly. It suffers, in common with other securities, from the prevailing dullness in the market, and I believe its merit far above other stocks selling about the same price.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, NOVEMBER 9TH, 1891. *Jasper*:—(1) What book is published where one can find out what stocks and bonds pay dividends and how much? Do you know of any? (2) What do you think of "Distillers" and Proctor and Gamble preferred? Are they reliable investments? Do you think well of Missouri Pacific at present prices for an investment? Yours, DOCTOR.

Ans.—(1) Many of the large stock brokers print for the convenience of their customers little books which give the names of stocks and bonds and the amount of dividends they pay. If my correspondent desires me to send one to him I will very gladly do so on the receipt of a two-cent stamp. If he wants something that is complete and reliable let him buy "Poor's Manual of Railroads." (2) I think Distillers is being manipulated. Proctor and Gamble preferred is a better investment, in my judgment, and Missouri Pacific is said to be cheap at present price by those on the inside.

AUGUSTA, ME., NOVEMBER 13TH, 1891. *Jasper*:—Please inform me through the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER your estimate of the "McPherson six per cent. bond" of the city of McPherson, Kansas, as an investment. H.

Ans.—I cannot give any information about city bonds that are not generally dealt in here. I think my correspondent might obtain the facts he seeks better through some bank or banking concern in Augusta.

I have received the following letter which was not, I believe, called out by anything in my column. I do not recollect that I have put Erie down as a dividend delinquent since 1887. I give the letter for the information of my readers.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., NOVEMBER 12TH, 1891. *Jasper*:—Your letter was missed this week. Won't you correct the false statement made in various papers that "Erie preferred has paid no dividend since 1877," for in Dana's Investor's Supp. to C. & F. Chron., Jan. 31, 1891, page 97, it says, "Dividends on preferred since 1876-1882 to 1884 inclusive, six per cent., none since." In justice to "poor old Erie" this is due, and FINANCIAL.

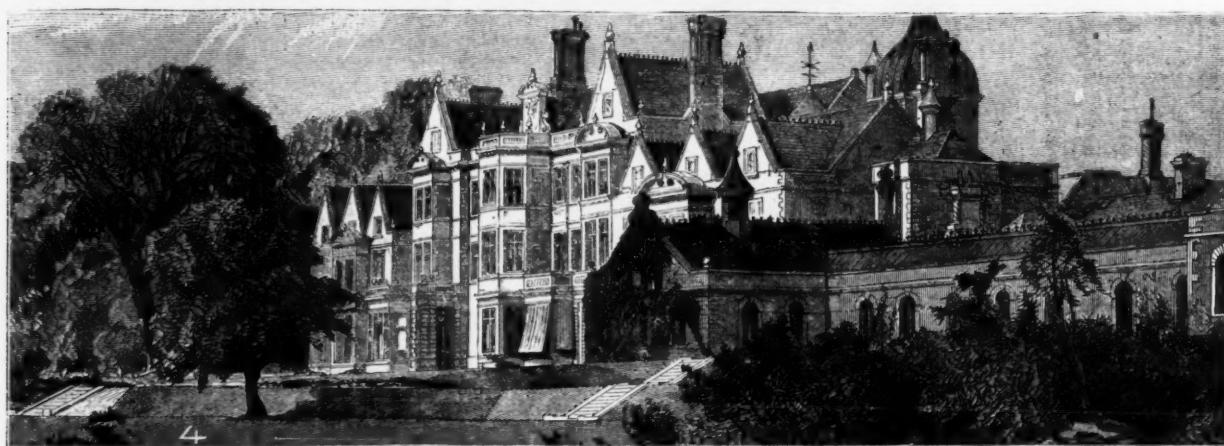
JASPER.

#### THE CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

If anything could make people grow young again, surely to arrive in Rio de Janeiro with a gay party, after a long voyage, would give them that sensation. First, there is the comradeship; then there is the place, of the loveliness of which, its strange, Old-World charm, I shall try to give you an idea; and then there is the first sight of the tropics. Impossible to imagine a sea more brilliantly blue than that piece of *lapis-lazuli* which I catch from one window. The great clump of palm-trees, nine of them, which I see from another, has filled my eyes and my mind this hour past, such an abounding sense of life do they convey, with their upright, gray-green stems, their feathery, elastic arms, and the glitter of their long, glossy leaves.

Here, at last, are the glad blue waters, here the coral strand, here the bread-fruit, the cocoa, and the palm; here are mountains on which snow never rests, that lift their sharp pinnacles in glorious procession, beginning just over the houses and leading the eye on and on through a hundred miles of air, till the last faint outline blends with the distant sky. Here is a city of gay, many-windowed houses, surrounded by large gardens, where the leaves never fall and the flowers never fade, and where the ladies in their white dresses sit out of doors on sofas covered with blue tiles under the shade of nodding bamboo. Here is the famous harbor, a sea shut in by hills, in which lie rocky islands, with the white walls of convents running up their steep sides, and the whiter foam breaking in fury over the terrible reefs at their foot. Here are terraces paved with marble, where a hundred years ago the Portuguese nobles, exiled to this their colony, used to walk, and sigh, perhaps, for the orange-groves of Cintra, though orange-groves as lovely lay at hand. And here strange birds, ostriches and flamingoes, and huge creatures with enormous bills, drink out of the carved fountains, and stalk gravely under the spreading mango-trees. What could the heart of artist or of child desire more?

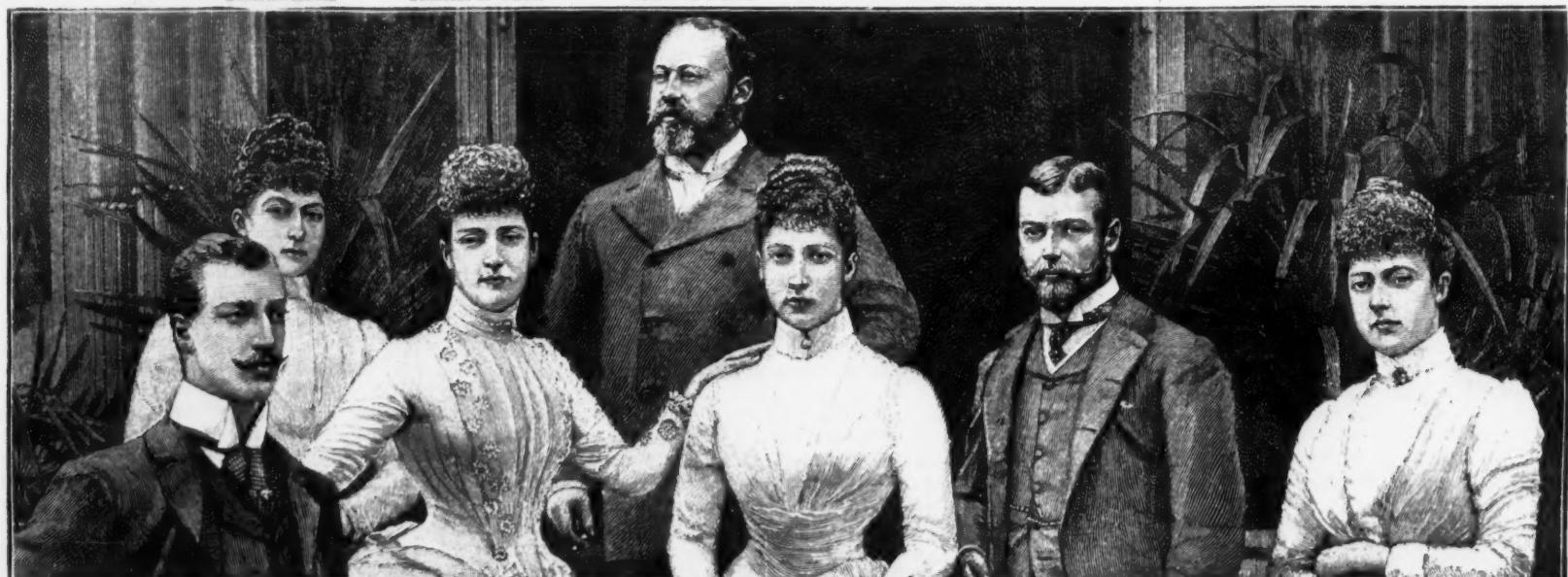
People who have never been in such places are much to be pitied, and people who have never lain awake at night in a strange town, kept from sleeping by the excitement of thinking



Princess of Wales.

Prince of Wales.

Princess Maud.



Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife.

Prince George.

Princess Victoria.

1. THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCE, JANUARY 25TH, 1842. 2. THE PRINCE AT NINETEEN YEARS OF AGE. 3. THE PRINCE IN HIGHLAND COSTUME AT SEVENTEEN. 4. SANDRINGHAM HALL, NORFOLK, RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE. 5. THE PRINCE AT FIVE MONTHS. 6. THE QUEEN-MOTHER AND CHILD. 7. THE PRINCE AT SIX YEARS. 8. THE PRINCE AND HIS FAMILY.

THE PRINCE OF WALES JUBILEE, NOVEMBER 9TH, 1891.—FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.—[SEE PAGE 275.]

of the wonderful things they have caught a glimpse of in the day and mean to explore on the morrow, can never have come to Rio de Janeiro. We had already received a great deal of advice. We were warned to avoid night air, and to beware of exposing ourselves to the sun; to be careful about dampness, and to remember that Rio was very unwholesome unless it rained frequently. In short, nothing could be more dangerous than the night—unless it was the day; and the time when we might hope to peer about a little without risk of fatal consequences was very short indeed, and corresponded with that period of the day when the servants at home usually wash the steps of the front doors.

So we rose at a very early hour, but dear me! the whole world was astir before us. We were not half dressed when a black—who was not half-dressed, either, for that matter, for he had nothing on but a ragged shirt and still more ragged trousers—brought to our sitting-room a small tray with coffee and milk, two small cups, and two rolls. We looked in some dismay. Our Portuguese was limited. But we managed to inquire:

"Is this breakfast?"

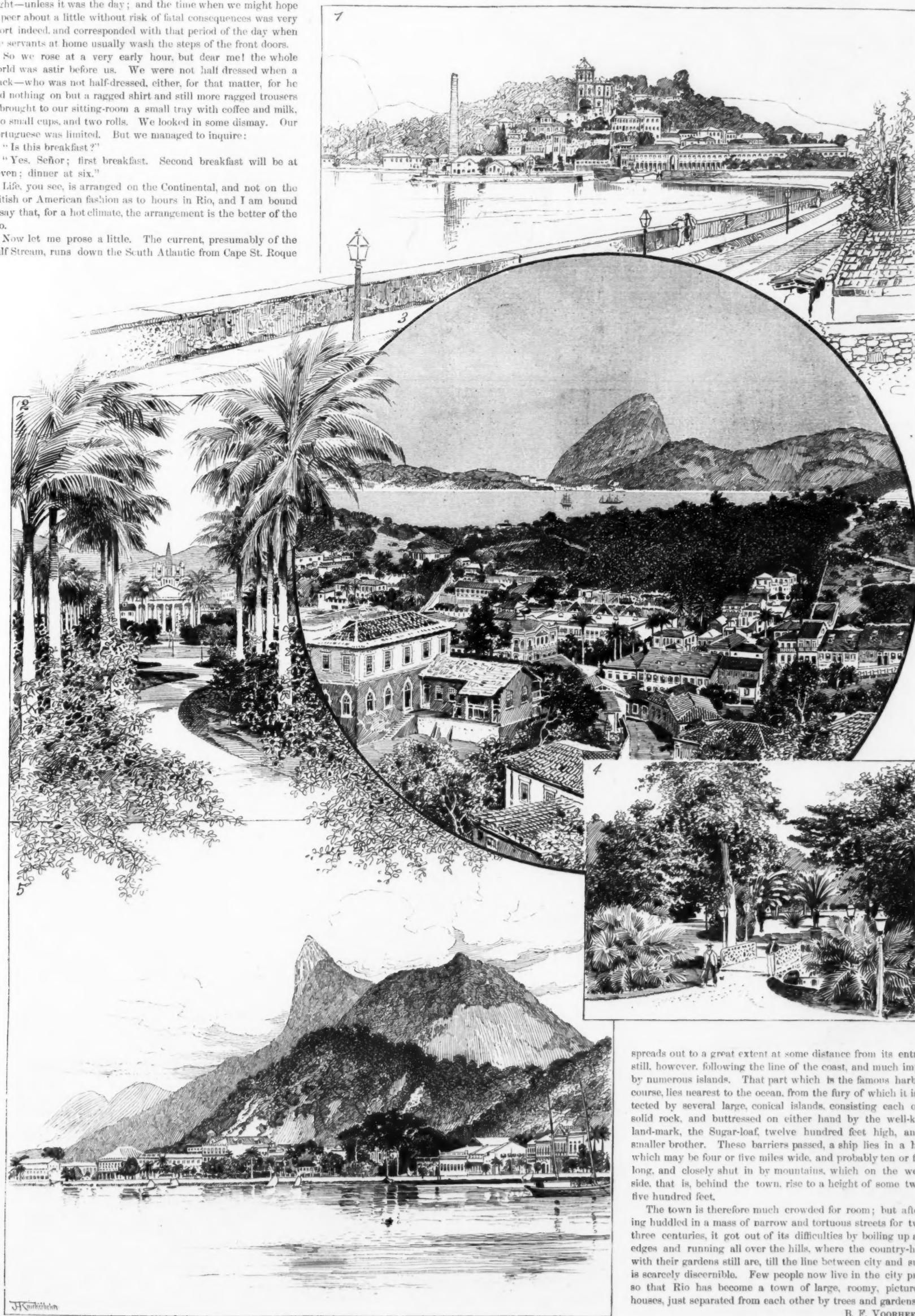
"Yes, Señor; first breakfast. Second breakfast will be at eleven; dinner at six."

Life, you see, is arranged on the Continental, and not on the British or American fashion as to hours in Rio, and I am bound to say that, for a hot climate, the arrangement is the better of the two.

Now let me prose a little. The current, presumably of the Gulf Stream, runs down the South Atlantic from Cape St. Roque

in a southwesterly direction at the rate, it is said, of two miles an hour. Such a force of water has of course in the lapse of ages eaten away all the soft, low-lying lands on the continent by which it sweeps, and given to South America that form which we see on the map. Only the hard substance of the everlasting hills has been able to resist this denudation; and accordingly we

see in Brazil, and more particularly near Rio de Janeiro, the mountains advancing to the very margin of the sea. Amidst those mountains, entering obliquely from the ocean, lies the bay—or what might more properly be called the small inland sea—of Rio de Janeiro, which was naturally enough mistaken for the mouth of an enormous river by its first explorers; and which



I. HILL OF LA GLORIA. 2. SQUARE OF DUKE CASPIAS. 3. VIEW IN SUBURB, WITH HARBOR AND SUGAR-LOAF. 4. A SMALL PUBLIC GARDEN. 5. BAY OF BOTAFOGO AND PEAKS OF CORCORADO, 2,217 FEET HIGH.

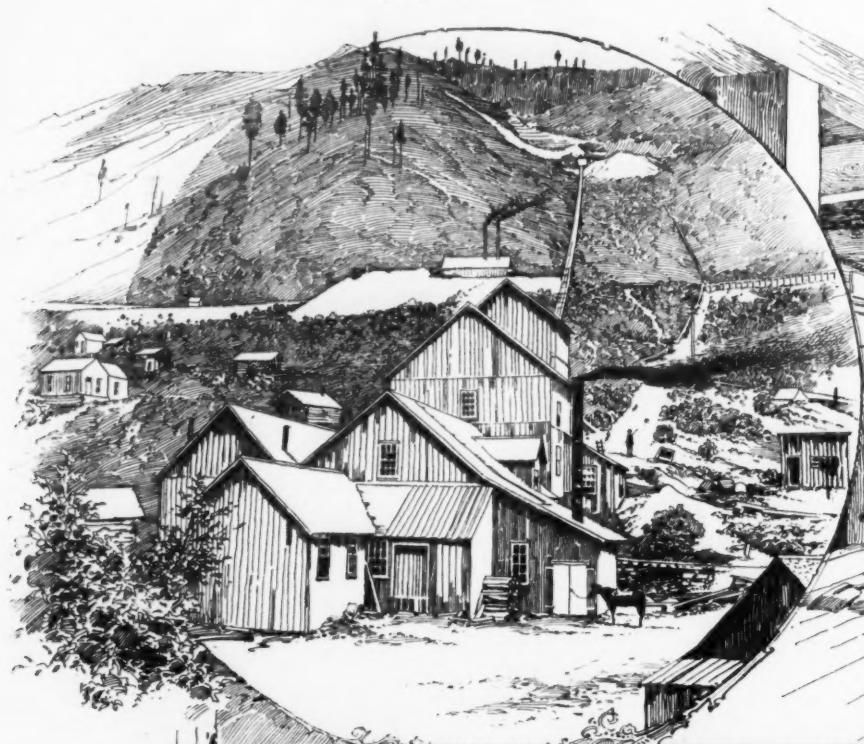
THE TROUBLES IN BRAZIL—VIEWS OF THE CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO AND ITS ENVIRONS.—FROM RECENT PHOTOS.—[SEE PAGE 275.]

spreads out to a great extent at some distance from its entrance, still, however, following the line of the coast, and much impeded by numerous islands. That part which is the famous harbor, of course, lies nearest to the ocean, from the fury of which it is protected by several large, conical islands, consisting each of one solid rock, and buttressed on either hand by the well-known landmark, the Sugar-loaf, twelve hundred feet high, and his smaller brother. These barriers passed, a ship lies in a harbor which may be four or five miles wide, and probably ten or fifteen long, and closely shut in by mountains, which on the western side, that is, behind the town, rise to a height of some twenty-five hundred feet.

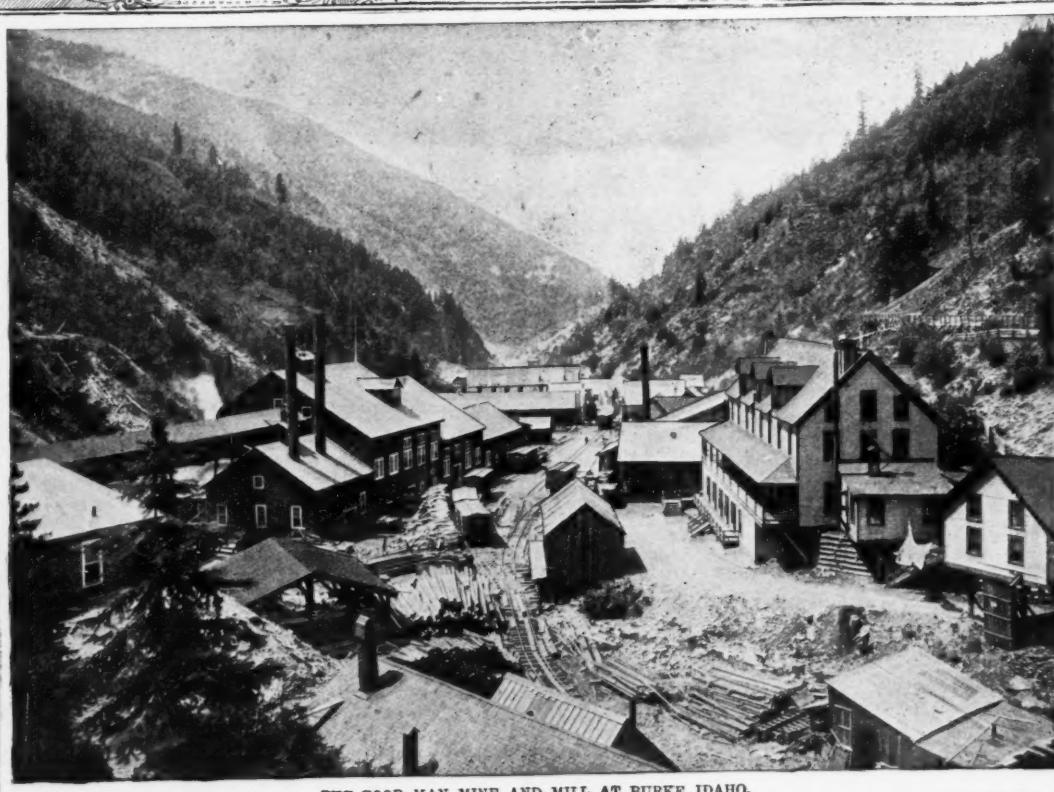
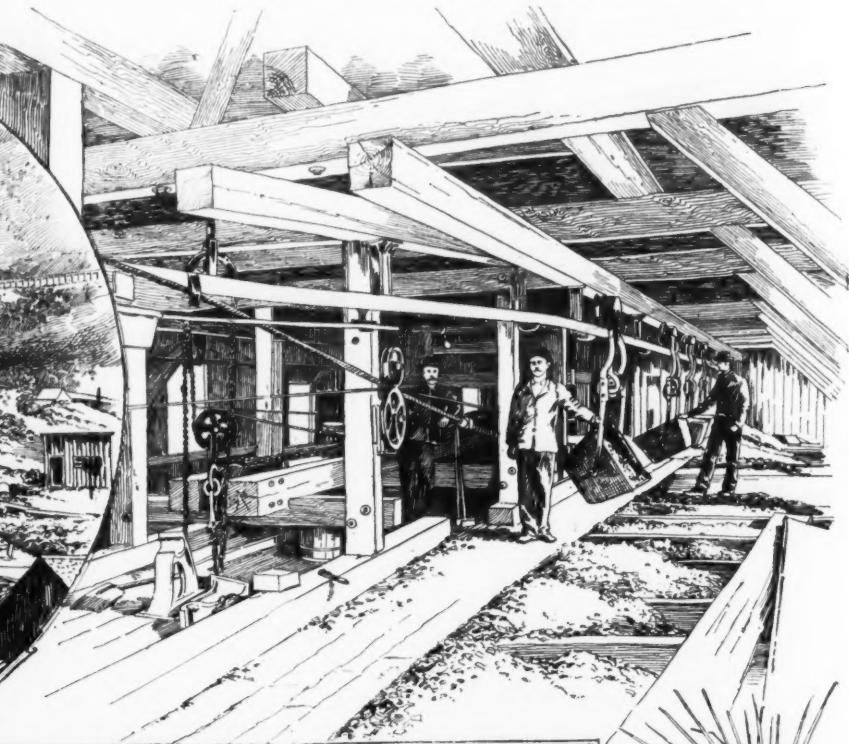
The town is therefore much crowded for room; but after lying huddled in a mass of narrow and tortuous streets for two or three centuries, it got out of its difficulties by boiling up at the edges and running all over the hills, where the country-houses with their gardens still are, till the line between city and suburb is scarcely discernible. Few people now live in the city proper, so that Rio has become a town of large, roomy, picturesque houses, just separated from each other by trees and gardens.

B. F. VOORHEES.

LAST CHANCE MINE AND MILL.



AN ECONOMIC TRAMWAY THREE MILES IN LENGTH.



THE POOR MAN MINE AND MILL AT BURKE, IDAHO.



WALLACE, IDAHO, THE CAPITAL OF THE COEUR D'ALENE DISTRICT.

BUNKER HILL, LAST CHANCE, AND SIERRA NEVADA MINES, WITH WARDNER, IDAHO, IN THE DISTANCE.

THE SILVER-LEAD MINING INDUSTRIES IN IDAHO AND WASHINGTON.

## SILVER-LEAD MINING IN IDAHO AND WASHINGTON.

**I**N the extreme Northwest, within a radius of not more than 150 miles from Spokane, Washington, lie the richest and greatest silver-lead districts in the world. Their present development is a matter of which to be nationally proud. Their probable product reaches a figure surprising, their possible output astounding. Think, for a moment, of a crescent 500 miles in extent dotted its whole length with valuable claims! It is not a matter to be proven; they are there awaiting transportation to become mines. Away to the west, in the Cascade Mountains, the "Boston" is ready to give up a hundred tons a day, and her neighbors to follow. Coming east, the Okanogan district next invites attention, and a number of ledges are already developed so as to be able to ship from thirty to one hundred tons daily as soon as transportation is effected. A few of these assay one hundred in silver and thirty per cent. lead, others even higher, where native silver and sulphuret ores abound, while there are a few that have forced small shipments and received paying returns. On again to the eastward, the Colville district appears laden with wealth, but of a lower-grade ore, bearing on the average twenty-five to forty per cent. silver and sixty per cent. of lead, although the "Old Dominion," as an exception, has given smelting tests of a much higher grade. Following on around this great crescent, numerous districts appear bearing silver, gold, copper, and lead in substantial quantities, and into these districts Mr. D. C. Corbin (who has always been connected with Northwestern progression) is fast pushing the lines of the Spokane Northern Railway, while the Northern Pacific is reaching for the districts first described.

As a whole this mineral belt, with exceptions as noted, possesses a low-grade silver-lead ore. The real value of these great deposits lies in the quantity rather than quality of the ore. Modern science and engineering render profitable the mining of a very low-grade ore, but it requires cheap transportation and extensive operation to accomplish it. The present price of lead and its wise protection has proven the key to unlock these vaults of wealth, and open up and develop, in every sense of the word, a vast region that yesterday was a wilderness and to-morrow will raise the stocks of a hundred industries, and make our country justly proud of the new States of Washington and Idaho. But to facts and figures:

The Cœur d'Alene district of Idaho, the east point of this great mineral belt, is the oldest, and consequently with pardonable centralization it will be used to illustrate silver-lead mining. This locality, little larger than Manhattan Island, was first successfully prospected in 1884-85, and to-day possesses in its infancy of development twelve producing mines and quite as many valuable properties being developed and awaiting mills and machinery, while still others equally valuable, or perhaps greater, will shortly follow in their wake. The bodies of ore have been found so endless and so constant in value that a prospect at once becomes a mine, and continues to enjoy the advantages before mentioned—and it needs them all. This district alone will support a population of 30,000 or more. To give the reader an idea, the principal mines in operation and their output in tons

of concentrates per day are substantially as follows: Bunker Hill and Sullivan, 80; Poor Man, 40; Last Chance, 35; Badger, 30; Frisco, 25; Tiger, 20; Hunter, 20; Stemwinder, 20; Morning, 20; Custer, 20; Granite, 20; Sierra Nevada, 20; Gem, 20; making a total of 370 tons of concentrates shipped daily. These concentrates are a reduction of five to one from the crude ore, and according to the above figures the product would be, at 60 per cent. lead, 222 tons; and silver at 32 ounces, 11,840 ounces. To give the reader an idea of the operation of this district in money, there are over 3,000 miners and laborers at work above and below the surface at \$3 to \$3.50 per day, making a daily pay-roll of over \$10,000, or \$3,600,000 per annum. The capacity will be doubled next season, so the sum of \$7,000,000 will be taken from this little district and put into circulation in a single year. These figures are accurate and consequently interesting, as they illustrate by comparison the wonderful producing power of the gigantic semicircle before mentioned.

The illustrations accompanying this article show a few of the mines now being operated, and taking either of them from their discovery to date would in itself make an interesting and amusing story; but our path of duty lies in the present. Mining machinery is necessarily economic, and that contained in the new "Bunker Hill and Sullivan" mill at Wardner is most perfectly so. Here there is almost an acre of automatic machinery, taking in on one side great lumps of ore, crushing, pulverizing, separating,

ing, and depositing the metal as fine as sand, ready for shipment without a hand having touched it. So much for economy; but at Burke electricity is to be made the power of the Poor Man mine, to run the hoisting engine, the air-compressor, the pumps and drills, and to light the mine and mill. The mechanical engineering is being done by the Risdon Iron and Locomotive Works, San Francisco (the noted manufacturers for the "Treadwell" Alaska mine), who have here given water a fall of 800 feet through an eighteen-inch pipe to two Pelton wheels at the generators. The electric current is then carried one and one-fourth miles to the mine and mill. This is at present the greatest application of electricity to mining, and, taking into consideration a past consumption of 1,000 cords of wood per month at \$5 per cord, must result in a wonderful saving. In the above work the Risdon Iron and Locomotive Works are to be congratulated. The "Last Chance" at Wardner is also a very progressive mine, and under able and energetic management. They are running a tunnel 2,700 feet in length at the bottom of the mountain, so as to economically drain the mine. The product of this mine, as well as "Sierra Nevada," "Granite," "Custer," "Gem," "Hunter," "Morning," and others, is low-

country, and a Roman Catholic convent met with the same fate. Much other property belonging to foreigners was destroyed, although Chinese officials and soldiers were present and might, if they had seen fit to do so, have stayed the hand of the mob. Pressure was at once brought to bear on the Chinese Government by the representatives of England, France, Germany, and the United States, and after the customary shuffling and delay pecuniary reparation was made, punishment meted out to persons implicated in the outrage, and a promise given that adequate protection should be accorded to foreigners. Nevertheless, the missionaries in the Yangtse valley are still apprehensive of further trouble.

The violence that has occurred this year, as well as that of other years, was preceded by the dissemination of slanders against Christians, one being that they stole native children and slaughtered them as a part of their religious rites. That it was instigated by agents from Hunan is the belief of competent observers.

## ARTESIAN WELLS AT PULLMAN.

We give below an illustration of one of the eight artesian wells now flowing at Pullman, Wash. Nature has given this delightful town of fifteen hundred inhabitants all that its most ardent well-wisher could suggest, and still holds bounties ready to issue on demand. After its late obliteration by fire a brick city grew like magic, and to-day it possesses splendid streets and sidewalks, good levels and sanitary drainage, substantial churches, schools and hotels, a bright, energetic newspaper, a fine public library, and an unsurpassed medicinal public bath. The State Agricultural College, with its annuity of \$50,000, and a military academy of one hundred pupils give the town a recognition in educational circles.

To this add its natural position in the centre of the greatest grain and fruit district in the world (the Palouse) and its constant production without irrigation, and the visitor is excusable when he displays surprise. The citizens are energetic in the extreme, and while they warmly welcome and encourage the immigrant they discourage speculation, and their town and homes are the delightful result of the action. Five elevators and two flouring-mills represent a grain purchase of two million dollars per annum.

The Mayor of Pullman will be happy to inform any visitor or correspondent why a "boom" is unnecessary, and why they have room for and reasonably expect steady growth.



ARTESIAN WELL AT PULLMAN, WASHINGTON.



THE SMELTING-WORKS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC REDUCTION COMPANY AT SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

## THE ANTI-FOREIGN MOVEMENT IN CHINA.

THE hostility to foreigners in China appears to be as great as ever, though not as violent. There has been no repetition of those destructive and fatal riots that broke out in Wu-hu on the lower Yangtse-Kiang in May and continued at intervals in other towns up the river for a distance of nearly a thousand miles, the last serious outbreak having occurred at Ichang in September. Happily, no lives were lost on this occasion, but a house belonging to the American Episcopal Mission was burned, thus making the event one of interest to the people of this

## FUN.

"I AM of a very sympathetic disposition," said N. Peck. "Whenever I come home and find my wife with a nervous headache I am sure to catch it."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE educational institution that hasn't got a foot-ball team might as well shut up shop. Its light is hidden under a bushel.—*Boston Herald*.

QUEEN VICTORIA, in her state robes, displays \$700,000 worth of jewelry. Victoria's jewels are not like those of the Roman matron.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affectations; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR rheumatic and neuralgic affections, Salvation Oil has no peer. Price 25 cents. Chosen by an immense majority—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price only 25 cents.

"A UNIQUE corner of the earth."

EVERY piano bought of Sohmer & Co. will be found strictly as represented, and warranted.

LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, Banker, at 50 Broadway, New York, says: "The market maintains great strength under all the disquieting rumors. Crop prospects are bright and railroad earnings must improve."

THE delicious fragrance, refreshing coolness, and soft beauty imparted to the skin by Pozzoni's Powder command it to all ladies.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—Pure, soluble, economical.

TOURING TO WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE popularity of touring to Washington is thoroughly illustrated by those run under the Pennsylvania Railroad's personally-conducted tourist system. No better medium for reviewing the national capital exists than these tours, not alone from a point of convenience, but likewise economy.

The next of the season will leave New York, foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses streets, in a special fast express train November 26th, at 11 A.M., reaching Washington early that evening; returning, leave Washington 3:30 P.M. the following Saturday. The round-trip rate of \$12.50 includes, in addition to railroad fare in both directions, meals *en route*, accommodations and board at the principal hotels in Washington. The date of the last tour of this series is December 10th.

IT is the business of THE TRAVELERS' BUREAUS OF THE NEWS SERIES (Herkimer, N. Y., office) to furnish, without charge, trustworthy information about winter resorts.

ALL lovers of the delicacies of the table use Angostura Bitters to secure a good digestion.

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,  
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cents a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Many a life has been lost because of the taste of cod-liver oil.

If Scott's Emulsion did nothing more than take that taste away, it would save the lives of some at least of those that put off too long the means of recovery.

It does more. It is half-digested already. It slips through the stomach as if by stealth. It goes to make strength when cod-liver oil would be a burden.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 125 South 5th Avenue, New York. Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailling, and incomparable efficacy.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

## KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

NO OTHER LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this wonderful soap send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

**SPECIAL**—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent FREE to anyone sending three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.



"MY DEAR FELLOW, there was always something to admire in that girl; but now she is positively beautiful. Her hair, so rich and wavy, shows the perfection of care; her teeth are like ivory; her cherry-red lips are enchanting, and a more exquisite complexion I never saw." "But, John, you should not forget that the object of your adoration has made herself lovely by the use of

## CONSTANTINE'S Persian Healing PINE TAR SOAP

It is now no longer a secret that this INDISPENSABLE ARTICLE FOR TOILET USE is a PURIFYING AGENT OF WONDERFUL VIRTUES. It is harmless and inexpensive, but if you obtain the Original, which bears CONSTANTINE'S name, you will be able to HEIGHTEN EVERY CHARM which adds PERFECTION to

FEMALE LOVELINESS.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

## Patents! Pensions!

Send for Inventor's Guide, or How to Obtain a Patent. Send for Digest of PENSION and BOUNTY LAWS.

PATRICK O'FARRELL, - WASHINGTON, D. C.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 25 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 50c., also Disfigurements, Blister Marks, Mouth, Warts, India-ink and Powder Marks, Ulcers, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 125 West 42nd Street, New York City. Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

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Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.  
Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.



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You wouldn't be if you had seen the "Hartman" Mat—it almost sells itself, and that's why we have made half a million of them. We sell 90 per cent. of all the wire mats used in America. Of course they are imitated, but the genuine is "beyond compare." HARTMAN MFG. COMPANY, Works, Beaver Falls, Pa. Branches: 102 Chambers St., New York; 508 State St., Chicago; 51 and 53 S. Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga. Our Mats have brass tag stamped "Hartman." Catalogue and Testimonials mailed free.

## SALE OF BONDS.

Ten-Twenty Six Per Cent. Gold Bonds.  
\$50,000 Funding Bonds of Fergus County, Montana.

The Board of Commissioners of Fergus County, Montana, will on December 5th, 1891, at the office of the County Clerk of said county in the town of Lewistown, at the hour of 10 o'clock A.M., receive proposals for the sale of Fifty Thousand Dollars of Fergus County Funding Bonds, for the purpose of reducing and funding outstanding indebtedness of said county.

The Bonds are issued pursuant to Chapter XL of the Compiled Statutes of Montana and amendments thereof; said Bonds will bear interest at the rate of not exceeding seven per centum per annum, and will be payable December 1st, 1911, and to be redeemable after the first day of January, 1902.

Proposals should be addressed to W. H. KELLY, County Clerk of Fergus County, Montana, at Lewistown, Fergus County, Montana, and marked "Proposals for Bonds."

By order of the Board of Commissioners,

Attest:

W. H. KELLY, County Clerk.

JOHN W. BECK, Chairman.

[For full particulars as to form of Bond, valuations, etc., address H. B. Palmer, Fiscal Agent of Fergus County, Montana, at Helena, Montana, P. O. Box 176.]

PROPOSALS FOR SALE OF BONDS.  
\$150,000 Six Per Cent. 20's. County of Missoula, Montana.

OFFICE OF COUNTY CLERK, Missoula, Mont.

By order of the County Commissioners of Missoula County, State of Montana, made in regular session on the 11th day of September, 1891, sealed bids will be received by the undersigned for the purchase of Missoula County bonds to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand (\$150,000) dollars, said bonds to bear interest at the rate of six (6) per centum per annum, interest payable semi-annually on the first days of January and July of each year. To bear date January 1st, 1892, and to be redeemable and payable in twenty (20) years after said date. To be issued in denominations of one thousand (\$1,000) dollars, and to be sold at not less than par value.

These bonds are to be issued for the purpose of reducing the present floating indebtedness of the County.

The population of Missoula County is 16,000. Assessed valuation for 1891, \$8,815,850. Rate of tax limited to —. The bonded indebtedness of the county, exclusive of this issue, is \$139,750. Amount of floating indebtedness September 1st, 1891, \$172,171.31. Total present debt, \$304,921.31.

Bids will be received up to the 7th day of December, 1891, 10 A.M.

A certified check, payable to the order of the County Clerk, for the sum of \$2,500 must accompany each bid, as an evidence of good faith, said amount to be forfeited by the successful bidder in the event of refusal to take bonds.

D. D. BOGART, County Clerk, Missoula County, Mont.

Arnold,  
Constable & Co.  
Paris and London Styles.

Tailor-made Suits,  
Street and Carriage Costumes,  
Wedding and Ball Dresses.

CAPES, WRAPS AND CIRCULARS.

FUR-TRIMMED JACKETS and CLOAKS.

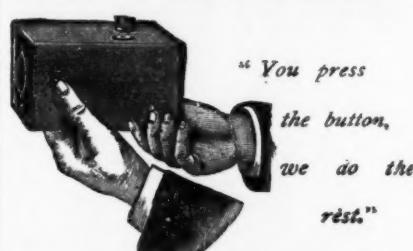
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NEW YORK.

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Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.  
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Transparent Films.

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Send for Catalogue.  
Rochester, N. Y.

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Send for Catalogue and Price-List.

DANIEL GREENE & CO., Sole Agents,  
44 East 14th St. (Union Square),  
Mention FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY. New York.

"EVERY LADY USES WHATEVER THE QUEEN APPROVES."  
WORTHY SUCH APPROVAL IS—COURT REPORT.  
**POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER.**  
FREE FROM ALL INJURANTS; THREE TINTS.  
USED BY EVERY LADY OF TASTE Everywhere.

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